

THE PAPER WITHOUT A SERIAL

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 11.

[PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 16, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

Headache
Insomnia or
Sleeplessness
Brain Fag
Lassitude
Vague Fears

Nervousness
Irritability
Nervous Palpitations
Nervous Indigestion
Loss of Memory
Neuritis

Neurasthenia
Morbid Forebodings
Faintness
Melancholia
Inability to Concen-
trate the Mind

Neuralgia
Dizziness
Trembling
Restlessness
Moroseness
Nervous Debility

Hysteria
Despondency or
Depression and
General Brain and
Nerve Exhaustion.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

WHY THE BRAIN AND NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus

is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

Week's Supply.

FREE

Week's Supply.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

To GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SIRS,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS (containing a week's supply) of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, also 24-page pamphlet. Enclosed are three penny stamps, to cover Parcel-Postage. I promise never to make a second application for a Trial Bottle, either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address.....

D.X.2.....

These Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Special Offer to Readers of "Modern Man."

THE SINGER SELF FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.

By special arrangement, during the next fortnight, the makers of the famous Singer Self Filling Fountain Pen are willing to send this magnificent Pen to any reader of "MODERN MAN," post free on receipt of 5/6, on condition that if the purchaser is not absolutely satisfied the Pen may be returned within one week and **money will be refunded in full.** The Singer Pen Company are willing to make this offer because one order from a customer is not their aim, but rather the continued orders through satisfied customers who will constantly recommend the Pen to their friends.



The Features of the Singer Pen are: (1) Self Filling—no Syringe ever needed. (2) Filled with utmost ease in one moment. (3) Superlative quality of material. (4) Absolute reliability of manufacture. (5) Constant comfort in use. (6) Gold nib, either fine, medium, or broad (state which desired). **To present a Singer Pen** to your friend is a credit to your taste, and a lifetime satisfaction to the recipient. The Singer Pen, fitted with two gold bands, will be sent post free on receipt of 7/6, or encased in chased solid silver, for presentation purposes, price 21/-. Order **by return** from

THE SINGER PEN COMPANY, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JU-JU-TSU.

What it Is and What it Does.

THE definition of the word "JU-JU-TSU," from a Japanese Dictionary, is a kind of wrestling in which dexterity or trick plays a more important part than physical strength. It is synonymous with "YAWARATORI," the art of throwing others by sleight-of-hand (and leg) tricks, said to have been introduced by a naturalised Chinese and improved by some Japanese in the Kiean Era. Besides being the most perfect style of Self-Defence, it is a concentrated exercise suitable for those who live in town and have not time for outdoor sports. It is an exercise, a game, and a system of Self-Defence all in one. It is suitable for young and old, light and heavy, and for either sex. The practice of Ju-Ju-Tsu will develop Health, Strength, Endurance, Vitality, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, and also cure Dyspepsia, Corpulency, Constipation, Nervousness, etc., etc.

No Exertion Required.

JU-JU-TSU is eminently suited for WEAK CONSTITUTIONS, as it does not call for great physical strength, but at the same time it affords a gentle exercise which will produce a symmetrical development and bring the body to, and maintain it in, a fine healthy condition. As a means of protection its claims to pre-eminence are well-founded; being scientific it enables those who have a practical knowledge of it to overcome, and if necessary disable, the most powerful assailant even if taken at a disadvantage—size, weight and strength not being important factors.

What You Accomplish.

Quickness, agility, resource, simultaneous thought and action are naturally and easily acquired by those who practice it under competent supervision and instruction; and these, with a knowledge of BALANCE, how to BREAK ONE'S FALL, and how to apply leverage when an assailant is at an anatomical disadvantage (some of the many important features of Ju-Ju-Tsu) render one more fitted in every way to take care of oneself under any conditions or emergencies.

Apart from all question of the value and interest of the subject that it teaches, the School has set itself to supply a definite want. The School will be a place to which a man may go on any day and at any time that he feels the desire for exercise. He need make no appointment. He may bring friends

to watch the lesson. The busy man, the man with forty-five minutes to spare, the man who could just get in a lesson on his way to business or before catching an evening train—all these have but to ring up the School to secure in advance a lesson at any time; and at the School they can change, have their fill of exercise, bathe and depart within the space of forty-five minutes. No one is too old to learn. Special care is given to elderly pupils. JU-JU-TSU can be made as strenuous or as light as one may desire.

Pupils have every advantage.

A pupil need give no previous notice of his intention to take a lesson unless he wishes it at any special hour.

Pupils may take two lessons a day if desired or they may take two lessons running. Before or after his lesson a pupil may practice as long as he may choose, either by himself or with other pupils.

A pupil may change from any one course to another (longer) course, provided always that he has not completed more than half his original course.

The fees include use of jackets, lockers, baths, &c., except washing of pupil's clothes. A pupil may buy his jacket for 12s. 6d.; Knickers 3s. 6d.

Although JU-JU-TSU is the speciality of the School, the following subjects are taught scientifically by experts, at the same rates as JU-JU-TSU:

BOXING, WRESTLING, FENCING, PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

Write for full particulars as to terms for individual and class tuition, to:

Prof. W. H. GARRUD

(Late Professor of Raku Uyenishi) one of the Founders of the Gymnastic Teachers' Institute,

31a, GOLDEN SQ., PICCADILLY, W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.



No. 11.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 16TH, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

THE BURDEN OF FAME.

All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.—POPE.
Some time ago I invented a contrivance which the world hailed as a great discovery.

As soon as the newspapers got hold of the facts, I was rushed into the lime-light, and publicity is the thing I most detest. I would doubtless make this record more convincing if I disclosed the nature of my discovery, for you would then identify me, but that would only be running into the evil which I seek to avoid.

I shall say at once that I claim no credit for the invention. The idea of it is simple but brilliant, and was conceived by my father many years ago. An ignorance of mechanics kept him from turning the idea into practical form, but after his death I studied that science, and was able to perfect a scheme which was really his.

My invention is therefore a sort of inheritance, and is no proof of cleverness on my part. Yet people speak to me, and of me, as if I were immensely clever, and it hurts me because I see the folly of the thing.

As soon as I became known to the public, I began to be pestered by journalists who wanted to make me still better known. The first one who applied for an interview I agreed to see, and when he came to my house I treated him just as I would any other visitor, and was incautious enough to answer all his questions, for I was inexperienced in these matters.

Next day a long article, headed "Impressions of a Great Inventor," appeared in his paper, and it fairly made my hair rise.

In it he made me say things which branded me as the veriest coxcomb.

It was a lesson to me, and I refused to grant any interviews after that.

Then followed requests for my photograph. I have not been taken since I was an awkward boy of twelve, and I refused to be photographed now. The tradesman who had executed this juvenile portrait, however, must have been a smart business man, for the following week it appeared in all the illustrated papers. I am not vain, but the publication of that awful picture hurt me considerably.

I felt too self-conscious to go out much at first, but by and by I imagined that the sensation of my invention had subsided, and I made a trip into London, near which I live.

Next morning a snapshot of me appeared in nearly all the papers. How the photographer had identified me I do not know, but my true likeness was now in the hands of everyone. Neighbours who had never for a moment supposed that I was *the* Mr. Blank, now knew it from these photos, and they stared at me from their windows and pointed at me in the street as if I were some remarkable creature without feelings or sensibility.

I am not a great inventor, because I have produced the only thing I ever can or shall produce, and that was not wholly my own doing. Therefore I cast about for a way to stop all this publicity, and found it.

Established in a fair-sized farm in Somerset, I now live the life of peace.

G. B.

COPYRIGHT.

HOME TRUTHS.

Towards the finish of the Dorando v. Longboat race the crowd, we learn from a newspaper report, "yelped with excitement." Longboat's squaw, who was present, squawked. Query to ladies: Why did the squaw squawk?

To meet the wishes of fond parents, photographers have been trying cinematographing babies instead of photographing them. It is found, however, that even 100 miles of film are insufficient to record the various expressions of which a baby is capable within the space of sixty seconds.

The New Theatre at New York, when finished, will be a most magnificent building. Among other luxuries will be lifts to the gallery. Fit for the gods, indeed.

Dram-drinking is said to be greatly on the increase among fashionable women. Father Vaughan, it is rumoured, is about to start a new crusade against the "gins of Society."

President Castro, like other men who are very fierce in public, is, apparently, not such a tiger at home. Anyway, when a French lady journalist succeeded in getting an interview with him his last words were, "Above all, do not let my wife know that I have received a Frenchwoman." But, of course, that is just what the lady journalist did do.

We are to have "Smaller Coal Scuttles" this winter; in other words, partly as a result of the enormous quantities of our coal bought by foreign countries the British householder will have to pay more for his coal. What we want to do is to make the foreign buyer of coal scuttle from our markets.

Efforts are being made in spiritualistic circles to measure and weigh ghosts. A spirit-level, of course, is used for the purpose.

An advertiser informs us that "This cigar has a band." Some cigars offend our nostrils, but to attack our ears as well is rather savage.

"We are the most purblind, myopic set of creatures that ever obstructed God's sun," says Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P. But it is really the obstruction of Graysun that he objects to.

The Lords are finding much comfort in the reflection that "threatened men live long."

Mr. Justice Darling was in his happiest vein in replying to the toast of the "Guests" at a recent Savage Club dinner, and created roars of laughter by wittily remarking that he was glad to find the Savage Club was not a cannibal club. If it had been, the members might have swallowed Mr. Justice Darling, but we are quite sure they would not have swallowed his hoary jests.

NORMAN FRASER.

WHY DOGS GET LOST.

THE ART OF DOG-STEALERS.

A coat with capacious pockets, a lead with a swivel at each end, a pen-knife of razor keenness, and a stick smeared with aniseed or valerian—such is the outfit of the dog thief.

He walks through the fashionable thoroughfares in the afternoons when the ladies come out to do their shopping, and he waits till he observes some fine dog which is not on a lead but is just left to trot behind its mistress. When the dog is some distance from its owner, he steps up to it and brings his doctored stick within scenting distance. Then he cuts down a side street, the dog at his heels.

Canine affection has been for the moment perverted, and the dog's one thought is to get at the aniseed or valerian. If it is a big dog the thief puts it on the lead; if it is a toy, he places it in his pocket. There is no danger of its resisting or biting, for it is completely fascinated by the aniseed of which his clothes reek.

Should the dog be on a lead, the thief follows patiently till its owner draws up in front of a shop window; then he slips close behind, cuts the lead, pockets the dog and makes off while the lady is still busy scanning the latest creations of fashion.

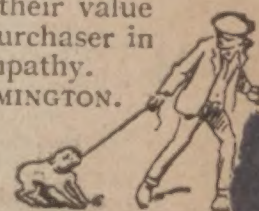
One thief, with a sense of humour that might have fitted him for better things, replaced a dog he had stolen by a little wooden horse on wheels, which he fastened to the end of the lead. The lady victimised supposed that her pet was coming along as usual, and it was only when a gentleman friend pointed out her error that she discovered the wooden horse. She had no objection to Teddy bears, but she did draw the line at wooden gee-gees, especially in Bond-Street.

The dog thief has several ways of disposing of his captures. The simplest and least remunerative is to sell them to certain dealers who will ask no questions. The dealers fake the dog to a certain extent and possibly add little patches of colour by means of dye, and most of the stolen dogs so disposed of find their way to Club Row in the East-End of London, where they are sold on Sunday morning, fetching anything from 10s. upwards.

In the case of dogs stolen from wealthy houses, the thief often retains the animal in the hope of securing a reward. In many cases the owner, anxious to secure his missing pet, asks no questions, but it is admitted amongst the fraternity that here is the stumbling block which leads to many a dog thief's conviction. There are strong-minded people who investigate the matter thoroughly in spite of being well-pleased at their dog's return.

A yet more daring plan for getting the price of the dog, is for the thief boldly to accost some likely purchaser, inform him that he has stolen a valuable dog, and offer to sell it for a sovereign. Cases are on record where thieves have got mongrels honestly from dogs' homes and then sold them for many times their value in this manner. The unscrupulous purchaser in this case can scarcely arouse our sympathy.

A. M. WARMINGTON.



THE LEGION OF HUMBUGS



SOME VERY CANDID CRITICISMS.

From time to time Londoners and inhabitants of other parts of the country are startled by the apparition in their midst of weird horsemen, whose attire suggests that they are the advance guard of a Wild and Woolly West circus show.

The rest of the circus not arriving, however, the disappointed onlooker concludes it is some new advertising dodge, and, fearful of having samples thrust under his nose, hurries away.

Or perhaps he inquires who these Christmas Trees on horseback may be, and learns that they are members of the "Deathless Legion"—of Frontiersmen.

Deathless, indeed! For I should say that none of them is likely to die of anything more exciting than old age or arsenicated beer poisoning.

But on the whole these Legionaries amuse me. They are such preposterous humbugs, such patent frauds.

WHAT IS A FRONTIERSMAN?

They call themselves Frontiersmen. Well, then, what in thunder are they doing in England? A frontiersman, if I understand the term correctly, is one who lives in the remote and dangerous borders of civilised or partially civilised countries. In that sense we have no use for frontiersmen.

Of course, I know what they advertise themselves to be: battle-scarred veterans (battle-scarred would be nearer the mark if it ever came to fighting), who—having spent their lives roaming the prairie or sierra, fighting with Red Indians, enraged cows, and all manner of battle, murder, and sudden death (including "sudden death" tossing for drinks)—have now settled down in England, and from force of habit are unhappy if they sleep in beds or shave or wash like ordinary people.

But if they have gone out of business as frontiersmen, why do they continue to pose as such?

On the other hand, if they are still frontiersmen, then, I repeat, what in thunder are they doing here?

WHEREFORE THIS COSTUME?

How in England are they going to keep their hands in for the work they would have to do in the extremely improbable event of their ever returning to the frontier? They can't go about shooting Indians, or punching cows, or doing any of the daredevil things they allege they do—when nobody is looking. After all, what do these intrepid warriors do here?

In the first place they get themselves up in a grotesque garb which no real frontiersman ever wore, for the simple reason that if he did he would be shot at sight by real cowboys.

If an Englishman went cavorting about Texas or Arizona or any wild country in frock coat and top hat, what kind of a reception would he get?

Even if genuine frontiersmen dressed like the Legion of Frontiersmen, which they don't, is there any rhyme or reason in the latter parading about here in garments which are totally out of place in this country?

Why they do so is, of course, because they are essentially blatant self-advertisers and posers, who always want to be under the limelight.

That being so, it is only natural that the chief work of the Legion of Frontiersmen so far has been to rob theatrical "supers" of their living.

Oh, but they are the daredevil desperadoes when it comes to "processioning"! How the crowd gaped and marvelled at the cool daring, the reckless courage with which they braved the infinite perils of La Milo's ride through Coventry!

GALLANT DEEDS.

Weaker spirits stood aside, and trembled at the thought of such a ride for life. But not so the Frontiersmen. Boot and saddle, into the breeches—which La Milo had discarded—she must not go alone and unprotected!

And on other occasions the Legion of Frontiersmen have always shown in the (cara)van. Do not the streets of London ring with their deeds of derring do in many a Lord Mayor's Show? And then the terrific hardships they endure when out for training. Their hell for leather rides from London to Brighton—at six miles an hour! Their Nansen-like hardihood in sleeping in the open when the thermometer marks no more than 75° Fahrenheit! Their heroic disregard of soap and water! Above all, their magnificent courage in eating the meals they themselves have cooked.

It is true that lots of schoolboys camping out in summer do just as the Legion of Frontiersmen do, without making a song about it. But then they are not frontiersmen. They are only boys, who fortunately have not yet learned the uses of self-advertisement.

WHERE THEY'VE SMELT POWDER.

Unquestionably, there are genuine ex-fighting men in the Legion of Frontiersmen; unquestionably there are others who have never smelt powder other than that on a barmaid's nose.

The pity is that the former lend themselves to the undignified and mountebank proceedings of the corps, and that the latter are allowed to exist at all.

Advertisement is a characteristic of this age, but when it comes to men advertising themselves as heroes then it is carried to a sickening excess.

If the Legion of Frontiersmen want to soldier as civilians, let them join the Territorial Army and be merged in the crowd.

But with their ridiculous costumes, their fondness for posturing in public processions, their theatrical amblings about the countryside, they simply make fools of themselves, and are recognised at their true worth as pinchbeck warriors.

H. GRAY-REID.

OUR HARDEST WORKERS.

Public attention was recently drawn to the long hours of London carmen by the fact that one of their number collapsed after working eighteen hours a day for a fortnight on end.

His hours, however, are light when compared with those of some of our most envied celebrities. Mr. Rufus Isaacs generally gets up at four o'clock in the morning, and never later than five. He has said that he is perfectly content when his work does not demand more than sixteen hours of his day. Sixteen hours also constitutes the working day of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. He is on the boards for three hours only, but while one play is running he is rehearsing the next, and you must add to this the many other calls on his time which his work as a manager entails.

Those holding official positions have not only to attend the meetings of Parliament but have also to transact much business connected with their individual posts.

None of the cases cited quite come up in point of time to that of the unfortunate carman, yet they evidence harder conditions of work than his. Driving a horse requires an expenditure of no mental effort, and mental work is the most exhausting; moreover the carman is in fresh air most of his time, a benefit which does not fall to the lot of the more highly placed worker.

DOING UNPLEASANT THINGS.

OUR CHAINED CYNIC GROWLS AGAIN.

The most unpleasant thing in the daily routine of the average man is his cold bath.

I believe that in the middle ages it was one of the recognised forms of torture to immerse the victim in ice-cold water, but your Briton will not admit that he is undergoing voluntary penance in jumping from his warm bed into his cold bath. He asserts that he finds actual pleasure in the process.

His object is, I presume, to cleanse the perishable envelope in which his soul is encased, and I venture to suppose that this end might be attained as readily if the water were tepid or even comfortably warm.

But suggest this to the cold bath man and he will flay you with scorn.

It is the necessary straining of the nerves; and the resolution in taking the plunge, that leads him to imagine that the cold bath does him good. If the bath were pleasant, he would say it was without virtue.

I knew a man once who lived at Richmond and occasionally got up at two in the morning, walked to Guildford and took the train from there in time to reach London when his office opened—but he died while still young.

Unpleasant as his experience must have been, he extracted, I believe, a certain amount of joy in describing it to his acquaintances, for, like the cold bath man he believed himself to be a person of iron resolution.

I should be sorry to say that these good people were mistaken in their estimate of themselves, for that would deprive them of the small benefit accruing from a very unpleasant custom, and it would be too harsh to make cold bathing the one evil on earth in which there is no element of good.

Social customs are mostly unpleasant.

Having friends to call on you, and calling on friends, must rank with most people as two of the unpleasant things which they voluntarily suffer.

The average man dines at a friend's house, is bored to death, has to spend a trifling sum on a cab, and a considerable sum when he invites that friend and others in return.

His time is, let us hope, valuable. His money is certainly so, yet for both he has a negative return.

I should class also conversation and greeting amongst the unpleasant things we could well dispense with.

You chat with a man without being interested, waste your time and develop a state of nervous irritation on the supposition that you are making your position solid with him. If you treated him with the brusqueness which would be the true expression of your feelings towards him, he would not only think none the less of you, but would actually be favourably impressed.

I say "Good morning, Smith," when my true sentiments demand that I should say "Dear me, Smith, here you are again. I am positively sick of seeing you. You remind me of so many unpleasant things that I would not be greatly disappointed to read your name in the obituary list."

I have definitely decided that—theoretically—this is the best plan, for it would relieve me of the effort of simulation, and I shall put it in practice some day when my courage (after a cold bath, perhaps) rises to the necessary pitch.

Writing letters I should class as another unpleasantness. I make a gratuitous suggestion that the following should be adopted as the standard form of letter between friend and friend:

"Having nothing to do, I write to you; and having nothing to say, I finish."

Lastly I regard work as the most unpleasant thing in life. I am at present in negotiation with Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., to see whether he can give me a job as a Socialist agitator.

Failing that I shall apply to the Association Football officials for a post as a professional player, or, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall become an editor. LLOYD WATNEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. HILARY GARRATT.

There is a certain unassuming little hostelry in the town of Newmarket, where, in the old days it was my habit to spend the evening quietly after the day's racing. Here, in the charms of goodly refreshment and convivial company, it was possible to forget for a while the bitter fact that the "classic" two-year-old colt invariably gets left at the post, when the misguided public has betted with confidence on his easily beating a field of comparative cab-horses.

On a chilly winter's day you could toast your toes and listen to the words of racing wisdom that fell from the lips of dear old Chippy Chilton.

Those days are over now, and a new landlord reigns.

The dirty, smoke-begrimed ceiling has been whitewashed, the old wall paper, of unrecognisable pattern, has been stripped off and replaced by a fine new glazed variety, the smoke room smells of new paint and boasts large well-polished mirrors.

It naturally follows that the whisky tastes of nothing but rectified spirit.

In short "the old order changeth, giving place to new"—and Chippy has gone.

Robert Stephen Chilton,—to give him his baptismal title—was a plump and merry little man, not more than forty, who, in spite of depressing impecuniosity, cherished a Micawber-like hope of "something turning up." He was *persona grata* at the hostelry which shall be misnamed "The Foxhounds."

He had been one of the leading riders over a country as a youth, and his stories of hard-riden steeplechases, even if somewhat exaggerated, were certainly thrilling.

Time and increasing weight had made a trainer of him—what is termed in these days a "clever" trainer. However, to cut a long story short, a habit of running his horses at race meetings for exercise rather than to win—except when his money was at stake—brought Chippy Chilton into violent collision with the Ruling Body of All Racing, and he was warned off Newmarket Heath.

To a racing man a death warrant possesses less terror than this order. But Chippy had omitted to make the pile out of his cleverness which is usual in such circumstances, and, when his financial affairs had gone from bad to worse, the one man to offer him shelter from the cold winds of the very Heath he had been warned off, was William Barrow; the then bachelor landlord of "The Foxhounds."

It should be explained that it was over the victory of one of Chippy's horses, that Mr. Barrow had won sufficient money to enable him to become landlord of "The Foxhounds," and, strange to say, he had not entirely forgotten that fact.

Now, Chippy by reason of his racing anecdotes and cheery spirits had long been voted an asset to "The Foxhounds" smoke room, when—precisely in the same manner as her ancestress, Eve—woman came in to disturb the peace of "The Foxhounds" and its chimney-corner occupant, Chippy Chilton. The landlord, in fact, fell a victim to the charms of a plump barmaid several years his junior, and clinched the matter irretrievably at St. Mary's Church, Newmarket.

I happened to call at "The Foxhounds" on the evening of the marriage. Chippy had been left in charge, and already the approaching cheerlessness had begun to descend on the comfortable little inn.

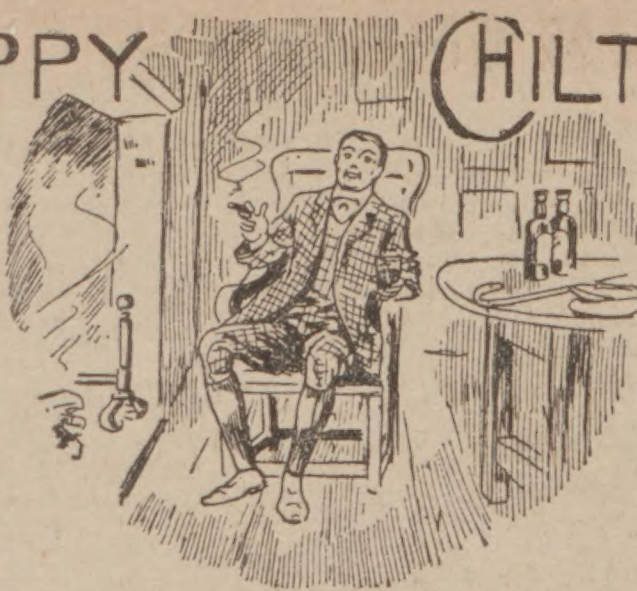
"I'm most certainly up a gum tree now," said Chippy, as I strolled in on the last day of a by-gone Second October Meeting. "Billy is all right, but when she hears I'm on an Old Age Pension—Billy representin' His Majesty's Government—there'll be trouble. The worst of it, too, is that the young woman'll take a fancy to me."

"Surely she's got better taste?" I said.

"That's as may be," said Chippy, "but some-

how women like me—and—well, sir, talkin'

CHIPPY CHILTON.



about her taste—er—she married Billy, you know!"

Those last words spoke volumes.

I did not return to Newmarket until Christmas and I made "The Foxhounds" my first place of call. Before I was within two hundred yards of the place, an offensive odour of fresh paint greeted me. I opened the door of the smoke room by means of a bright brass handle and entered, with handkerchief covering my nose, into an atmosphere where putty and turpentine were struggling for the upper hand.

Inside, one of the old frequenters was sitting on a backless stool (rickety armchairs were the old rule), drinking beer out of a highly polished tankard (we used to be lucky when we got an earthenware mug without a chip in it), and gloomily surveying a fire which never required poking, for the simple reason that it was a gas heater with latest improvements.

"Good heavens!" I said. "What's come to the place—and where's Chippy?"

The man, an old stable hand, diminutive and prematurely aged, looked up in surprise.

"It's some time since you were here, sir," he said.

I nodded.

"Have a drink," I said. I wanted to get to the bottom of all this.

"Mine's a beer," he said, tapping his nose and winking. "Keep clear of their whisky—pure potato spirit."

A young man in shirt sleeves, who possessed a spotty face and evidently spent most of his income on hair oil, brought us the beer.

"Vinegar!" said my companion critically. "These Putney chemists are ruinin' 'The Foxhounds' since poor old Barrow—Ah! I was forgettin' you hadn't heard, sir. Yes, I'll tell you from the beginnin'."

"You know Billy got spliced? Well, you bein' one of old Chippy's pals, you can just about guess how it upset him. When the happy pair came back from their honeymoon, of course Chippy didn't seem to be so comfy in what you might term his old stablin'. Never seemed so cheerful as when we all used to sit round a fire what was a fire in the old days."

"The new missus 'adn't been 'ere a week afore she 'ad ash-trays, yes, ash-trays, sir, put round the place!—an' after the free and easy time we 'ad been enjoyin', spittoons came as an unpleasant surprise. Yes, she started to make the runnin' with a vengeance, and there's no mistake but what she had poor old Billy well in hand, before, as you might term it, they had gone a few strides."

"At first, though, she never interfered with Chippy, Bill havin' kidded to her that he was a payin' guest. She used to call him Mister Chilton and reg'lar curtsy to him when she bade him good-night. Chippy was always to the fore with the ladies, but he was as cool as possible with Mrs. Barrow—never gave her no sort of encouragement. Yet that Mrs. Barrow—smart little woman she was—reg'lar buzzed round Chippy after a time and waited on him hand and foot—until he had absolutely to ask her not to."

"Poor old Billy was never a flyer, was he,

sir? And, between you and me, Mrs. Billy couldn't be said to be head-over-ears in love with her husband. It was pretty generally known, too, that he had to hand over two thousand quid ready as pin money the day he married her. Buyin' Love is what I call it, but that you can't buy."

"Well, after a while it was easy, even for an addle-headed horse-watcher, to see that what Billy had paid two thousand for, Chippy could have for nothin'. It wasn't Chippy's fault, either, for he seemed very cold and distant like with Mrs. B., or else he was ridin' a kiddin' race as you might term it."

"Things were bound to come to a crisis, and one night after Mrs. B. had annoyed Billy by her attention to Chippy more than usual, Billy lets on as to the precise position of Chippy in the household, expectin' his price to go right out to 100 to 3, as you might say, with no takers."

"Not so, though! Bless me if Mrs. B. didn't start howlin' over Chippy's misfortunes, and, figuratively speakin', he finished up an odds-on favourite for the Landlady Stakes! That fairly squashed poor old Billy. He shut up like a pair of field glasses and said no more until the next day when he politely gave Chippy notice to clear the next Saturday."

"Chippy, of course, was dead on the rocks and in a rare state. My word, how he cursed Mrs. B.! It was on the Tuesday he got notice and, though he argued all ways with Billy, it was no use. Billy said he simply had to go."

"The Friday night, his last night in his old chair against the fire, Chippy started talkin' about poisons and what was the easiest death, to soften Billy's heart, but it didn't come off. In front of all 'the boys,' too, he asked Billy to give him a chance for, mark you, it wasn't his fault Mrs. B. was gone on him, and that was the gist of his argument."

"No, Chippy," says Billy. "I can't have you here wreckin' the peace of my home. You shan't be broke, for I'll give you a tenner before you go."

"Spoken very handsome," said Chippy, "but I don't want your tenner. A Colonel I used to train for once gave me a little poison in case I should want to properly out myself. This Indian stuff, given my Owner by a real Rajah, not only kills you without pain an hour after takin' it, but it so burns your body that it beats cremation out o' sight and you vanish into thin air! As you want to be hard on your old pal," he says, almost breaking down, "I shall have to take this stuff and I shan't cost the Parish nothin' to bury me, either."

"But Billy, thinkin' he was jokin', only laughed and said it was a good double."

"Yes, death and burial in one dose!" says Chippy, lookin' ghastly, and, before you could wink, he took a little bottle out of his watch pocket and emptied some fizzy powder into his whisky and soda, drank it all up at a gulp and rushed out of the room into the street like lightning."

"You should have seen Billy! He sat there tremblin' and lookin' at Chippy's glass and the dregs of white powder at the bottom. Then, pullin' himself together a bit, he called on the whole bar to assist him in findin' Chippy, and sent one of us for a doctor to be ready with a stomach pump. We searched till closin' time but there was no Chippy in all Newmarket."

"He had clean vanished."

"When we got back Billy called for Mrs. B., and, getting no answer, went up tremblin' to her bedroom to find her and break the awful news. What do you think he found, sir?"

"Chippy, dead in her bedroom?" I asked, horrified.

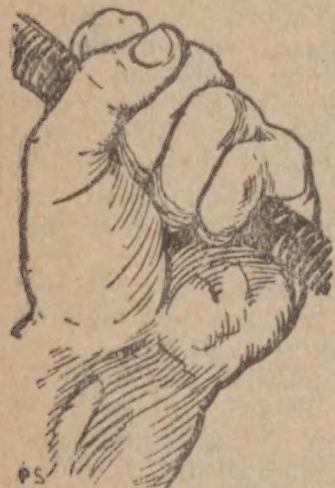
"No," said my friend. "There was only a note from Mrs. B. to say she had taken precisely the same brand of poison as Chippy and was also goin' to vanish into thin air—with the two thousand quid—and Chippy!"

"And the poison?" I asked.

"Was sherbet," replied the horsey gentleman. "Let's go where we can get a decent drink, sir, at the 'Wellington.'"



Rapid Physical Development



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SPORTING MOVEMENTS.

I should like you to take up, as an addition to the heavier type of exercises which I have been expounding, a novel and entertaining form of physical culture.

Go through the movements of whatever sport you are keenest on.

Suppose it is boxing; then you will run through the various hits, guards and counters, sparring at the empty air just as if an adversary actually stood in front of you.

In the same way, if you are hot on football you will practise some fancy kicks; if you like golf, you will do some fine strokes.

The great thing is to go through all the movements strenuously and quickly. In heavier exercises I always advise that they be done slowly, but these sporting movements are light and should therefore be done with speed.

They give an interest to your exercises, and they are fine for toning up the muscles, though they do not increase their size so quickly as my heavier exercises.

FOR ABDOMEN AND LEGS.

Stand about two feet away from a wall, so that your back is towards it. Put your heels together and your hands by your side.



An exercise for the cyclist, runner and horseman.

Now slowly rise on your toes, at the same time throwing your hands to the front, upwards and backwards, till they touch the wall behind you.

Pause for a moment, tensing all the muscles of the legs, arms and abdomen, and then slowly resume your former position.

For bracing up the muscles of the abdomen and thus producing a small, athletic waist, this exercise is unsurpassed. The rising on the toes also benefits the legs to a marked degree. There is no strain; so you can repeat safely till tired.

THE MENTAL ASPECT.

A good deal of nonsense has been written at one time and another concerning the mental advantages of physical culture. There are mental advantages, but they are not so great as the super-enthusiasts would have us believe.

Physical culture improves the health of the whole body and consequently the health of the brain, but it affects this organ merely in its physical aspect.

The circulation is improved, the supply of blood to the brain is accelerated, and consequently the grey matter becomes of better quality. This is a great advantage, and one not to be regarded lightly, especially by the man who makes his living by mental work.

The healthiness of the brain helps to withstand mental fatigue, and the general healthiness of the body produces a feeling of well-being and forms a weapon for the fighting of our old foe—worry.

The educative advantage of physical culture, however, is extremely limited. If you take up a scientific course of physical culture and follow it night after night in spite of tiredness and all disinclination for work, you develop your will-power to some extent; and the constant concentration of your thoughts upon the exercises is also a stimulant to the will-power.

You must remember, however, exactly why you make this mental effort; you are keen on

having big muscles, and so you fight down the opposing force of laziness in order to have them; without this great inducement it is doubtful whether the will would be found so readily under control.

There the character-forming element of physical culture ends. There is no incitement to pluck, unselfishness, or inventiveness such as we find in most games, for in the mechanical exercise there is no occasion whatsoever for any of these qualities.

This is written not in disparagement of physical culture, but in order that the physical culturist may understand the actual advantages and limitations of his pursuit.

In short, physical culture makes the muscles grow; to develop the character by means of athletics you must take up games. Every physical culturist should have at least one sport, preferably something which he enjoys for the fun rather than for its muscle developing qualities.

In this way the muscles he has built up artificially become pliant and are taught to be not only ornamental but also subservient to the mind, practical, and useful.

EVERY MUSCLE AT ONE TIME.

Rest on the floor so that the body is supported only by the hands and toes. The arms at this stage must be kept perfectly stiff, and the knees must not be allowed to bend throughout the whole course of the exercise.



Now bend the elbows, thus lowering the body till the chest just touches the floor between the hands. Next raise the body by straightening the arms, and at the same time raise the left leg off the floor as far as you can.

It should reach its maximum height at the moment when the arms are straight again.

Once more lower the body, bringing down the leg, so that the toe and chest touch the floor at the same moment. Then repeat, this time raising the right leg, and so on till the first symptoms of fatigue appear.

In an earlier number I gave part of this exercise—the simple raising of the weight up and down—but the additional strain of raising the leg at the same time makes the movement much more difficult. It is an exercise which will rapidly tire the strongest, and you must not overdo it.

It develops the arms, thighs and back simultaneously, besides expanding the chest.

THIGH DEVELOPING.

For cross-country men, and all others who want good thighs, I can confidently recommend this exercise.

Stand at attention, and place your hands on your waist. Now raise the left leg till the thigh is level; keep the leg from the knee to the foot perpendicular, as illustrated—the more you make your toe point to the ground, the greater the strain and the better the effect on the muscles.



You must do this exercise with vim.

Very slowly raise the foot till the whole leg is level; if you can raise it a little further, so much the better. Lower the foot till it is again pointing to the floor, and repeat five times. When the left leg is exercised, do the movement with the right.

No finer developer for the thighs has ever been invented. The back profits also, for it has to assist you in keeping your balance. Remember that all through this exercise you are standing on one foot, so that considerable strain is required to keep you from toppling over. On no account must you assist yourself by clutching a chair.

TRAINING.

DON'T MAKE IT A HARDSHIP.

The aim of the physical culturist is first to improve his health and secondly to improve the symmetry and beauty of his body. It is to assist him in the former that this article is intended.

One must carefully distinguish between being an athlete and being a competitor in an athletic event. In the latter case you submit yourself to a course of special training, calculated to bring out every latent particle of power that is in you, and when the great event is past you drop back, if you are wise, into your old routine.

Too many physical culturists submit themselves to a form of strict training not for a week or so but as a matter of habit for years on end. This strictness is not only unnecessary but actually harmful, as may best be seen by a consideration of the early deaths of most American athletes, who are subjected to the strictest training for protracted periods.

Train by all means for special events, but when these are not on the horizon, live your life in comfort.

When you have once come to see the need of attending to your body, the first thing you should do is to visit a dentist. Every bad tooth in your head is capable of taking from your strength by giving you pain, and every cavity is the beginning of a bad tooth. Have all the bad teeth out and, if you cannot afford to get new ones in their place, content yourself with the reflection that your health is less damaged by the absence of the stumps than by their presence.

If the tooth is sound enough, apart from having a cavity, get it stopped. It is worth the money and the pain.

When your teeth have been set to rights, use them to masticate your food thoroughly and slowly. The man who is artificially causing his muscles to grow must supply them with nourishment and material to grow from; this nourishment is obtained from the food which is thoroughly masticated and hence digested, and does not necessarily depend on the amount eaten.

Sleep lots. Nine or ten hours is not too much, for it is during sleep that the actual growth of the muscles takes place; in your waking hours you have only made them ready to grow.

Avoid medicine and keep your digestive apparatus healthy by eating plenty of fruit.

In training for any special event, it is a mistake to allow yourself to be submitted to a diet prescribed for your fellow competitors. No two men will do their best on the same quantity and kind of food. The diet must be regulated by the individual, and be dictated by what he finds suits his case. Easily digested foods—such as milk, fish and oysters—should now have a high place upon the menu, and tobacco and liquor must for a time be either cut off or severely docked.

Whatever be the branch of athletics for which you are training, practise a few other sports as well. The weight-lifter will do better if he is also a wrestler, for there are muscles which, though not developed by weight-lifting, are extremely useful in it, giving balance and stamina. Do not, of course, forget to knock off all hard work a day or two before the event, and to have the day immediately preceding it absolutely free from effort.

If you neglect this precaution, you will find yourself suffering from staleness when the contest comes off. Remember that training can easily be overdone.

Special training has its minor troubles, the chief of which is probably boils on the neck. Why a man in prime condition should develop these, is a puzzle to doctors, but that he does is known to every trainer. If a boil appears tackle it at once, not by poulticing but by rubbing into it an antiseptic ointment, such as carbolic or boracic, and by stimulating the skin around it with a little whisky or eau de cologne.

Avoid undue anxiety concerning the issue. The man who worries about his chances of winning, is damaging those chances he is so anxious about. His anxiety breeds nerves, and an attack of nerves spells disaster. GILBERT HADDEN.



THE AVERAGE INVENTOR.

BY A PATENT AGENT.

I am well aware that there are many black sheep in my line of business, and their misdeeds have to some extent created a public prejudice against the whole profession. For my own part I have never knowingly cheated any man, and I have been the means of assisting many.

In the case of the average inventor, however, one can only say "Heaven help him!" for he is beyond the assistance of any human being.

From a hundred inventions submitted to my consideration, I think myself lucky if I find a single good one; perhaps five others have some remote chance of bringing profit; the rest are absolutely hopeless.

There lies the temptation of the agent; he is paid not for his advice, but for obtaining a patent, so that there is a strong inducement for him to urge every inventor to patent his appliance, however absurd it may be.

Last week a shoemaker called at my office with a scheme which he was certain meant an enormous fortune.

He proposed that the present method of unloading a ship's cargo should be abolished. His idea was to have a railway-track on the land side of the dock wall, twenty feet beneath the surface of the water. Through this wall there would be a hole into which would be fitted a big iron pipe, leading through the water into another hole pierced for the purpose in the ship's side. Such a cargo as grain would then be shovelled in at one end of the pipe and would pour out at the other into the waiting trucks.

I pointed out to him that the scheme would prove unworkable, but he refused to listen to me, and, I suppose, went with his invention to some agent who would advise him to patent anything.

Here then was the typical inventor, a man who had no practical knowledge of the matters he was tackling, but who had a fixed belief that his scheme was one of the epoch-making kind.

But the shoemaker's pipe seems a thing of merit when compared with another scheme which was submitted to me. This was that a gigantic engine should be built close to the seashore, and that, instead of the usual furnace, the water should be vaporised by the heat of molten metal. This was to be obtained through a shaft which should be sunk to the centre of the earth, where, scientists tell us, everything is in a liquid state through the terrific heat.

As illustrating the exact consideration given to details by certain types of the crank mind, the inventor stipulated that the position should be the seashore because the boring would not then require to be so deep!

The notions of the average inventor may not be quite so hare-brained as that, but they share with it the damning fault of being impracticable.

For instance I was shown a scheme the other day for saving the cyclist half his pedalling. A powerful spring, attached to a clock-work arrangement, was to be fixed over the hind wheel. Whenever the cyclist pedalled, this spring would be wound up, and when a catch was released it would furnish sufficient power to drive the bicycle just as far again.

Supposing the cyclist pedalled from Bristol to Plymouth, the spring would bring him back to Bristol without a movement on his part.

I pointed out to the inventor that the winding of the spring would make cycling about twenty times as stiff as it now is, but he only called me thick-headed for my pains.

The average inventor seems to have no earthly idea of what the public want. He works away at some utterly unsaleable thing, generally intended for some sport or business that he knows nothing about.

There are, of course, the clever exceptions who can produce really smart ideas and who reap golden rewards therefrom, but it is of the average inventor I have been speaking, and I must write him down as an ass.

J. R. BRASHER.

SPORTING



STORIES.

GOOD 'VOR 'EE, VARMER!

It happened at a country horse market.

Varmer Goiles had just agreed to pay a dealer £40 for a horse, and he was on the point of leading it off when the vendor said: "The bridle will cost you half-a-crown."

This would have been regarded by most men under the circumstances as a sort of financial upper-cut, and the dealer seemed to esteem it as such, for he smiled a smile and thought of the ten bad cigars he would buy with the extra money.

Was Varmer taken aback? Not so.

Slipping his hand to the throat-lash, he remarked: "This be just the bridle I want, and half-a-crown's cheap."

And so saying, with a deft movement he removed the bridle and hung it over his arm.

"Now, mister," he continued, "catch thy horse!"

USELESS SUBSTITUTE.

The local swimming club was holding its annual gala in the river, and everybody was there, for a river is a thing you can't enclose and charge gate-money on.

It wasn't a bad show if you made allowance for the fact that it was free; if you didn't, you might find yourself becoming rather impatient. The captain observed that a good many people had become impatient, so after a consultation with the secretary he decided on a grand finale which would repay everybody for an otherwise dull afternoon. It did.

The captain suggested that he should be tied in a sack and thrown into the river. Then he would cut the sack open with a bowie-knife and swim out. He hit on the bowie-knife item because it sounded romantic and there was such a weapon in the club-house.

In due course they dropped him in, but he failed to re-appear on the surface. Then they grappled for him, and finally pulled him out, still in his sack. In his right hand was what looked like a bowie-knife case, only it had no blade.

"If ever," muttered the captain, when they had revived him, "if ever—I meet the man who handed me this—this patent corkscrew instead of the bowie-knife, I'll be the death of him!"

HIS PRESENT.

He was Slushpool's goalkeeper in his spare time. Other times he was engaged at the gas works, and Slushpool being an amateur club, he had to bear many little expenses which he could not well afford. He was thinking of this when his wife looked across at him from the other side of the fire.

"Fred," she said, "you can't guess what I'm going to buy you for your birthday. I'm going to get you a new rug for the parlour, and a set of fire-irons for the bedroom. And, hubby dearest, what are you going to get for me, when my birthday comes? I'm dying to know."

Fred smoked on in deep meditation for a time.

"My dear," he said at last, "I think I'll get you a pair of football boots."

And then, somehow or other, the conversation began to flag.

LIFE, AS I SEE IT.

BY AN AUCTIONEER.

There's a lot to be learnt in my business about your fellow men and women, if you keep your eyes open.

One of the funniest things is the way some people have of bidding for a thing without ever having clapped eyes on it. This is specially true when the sale is at a private house and the buyers are mostly neighbours.

I remember once selling a gas ring for boiling pots on; it had cost originally about eighteenpence, but now it was not worth half that, as one of the three feet had been broken off.

The bidding started at twopence and rapidly mounted to a shilling. Then there was a pause, and I was just bringing down my hammer when a hand waved at the back of the crowd and a lady's voice called "Half-a-crown." Another woman then started, and between them they ran the thing up to seven-and-six.

It had been described in the catalogue as a "gas cooker," and they supposed it had an oven and several rings. They had never viewed the lot, and they couldn't see it at the sale, because the room was so crowded. The one who bought it was pretty sick, but she only had her own folly to thank.

Frequently I have to sell old silver. It is the custom to bid so much an ounce, but people are constantly imagining that that price is for the entire article.

An old silver teapot was up, and a young woman bade ten shillings for it. She came up to the desk with half-a-sovereign, but the piece weighed ten ounces, and the price was therefore £5. When I explained that she burst into tears, and begged me not to have her arrested! Of course I put the thing up to auction again, as I always do in such cases.

At sales of property I often run across the "man of straw," especially in holiday resorts.

A young swell will shout "£1,000," when the bids are still well down in the hundreds, but when the time comes for him to pay I discover he is nowhere to be seen, his offer being pure swank, intended to impress those who hear him make it. He is a great nuisance to men of my profession.

When I have a day off I like to drop into another firm's auction rooms, to have a peep at life from the other side of the rostrum. On one such occasion I saw that the auctioneer was a very green chap, but he was covering his defects with a great deal of side. I couldn't resist the temptation to take him down a peg, and presently an opportunity occurred.

He was selling a motor-bicycle, and the price had gone up to ten-and-a-half guineas, and there it stuck.

"£11," I called.

And the hammer fell. The shouts of laughter from the bidders showed him that something was wrong, and it began to dawn on him that he had sold the bike to me for sixpence less than the previous bidder had offered. As I didn't want the machine, I let the ten-and-a-half-guineas man get it, and all was well.

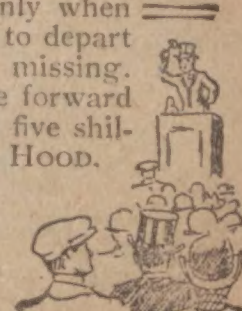
I don't always score like that though, by any means. Only a month ago a jumble sale was got up in aid of a local charity, and I was asked to officiate with the hammer.

I took full advantage of the fact that charity covers a multitude of sins, and I sold flower-pot saucers as new patent spittoons, two left hand gloves as a pair, a tin of soft soap as finest golden syrup, and did other things of a similar sort that I wouldn't do in my ordinary business.

Presently a man, who I afterwards discovered had been one of the victims of my inaccurate descriptions, handed me up a silk hat.

I praised it and all that, and finally I knocked it down for three shillings. It was only when the sale was finished and I was about to depart that I discovered that my hat was missing. Then the man who had bought it came forward to my assistance, but he made me pay five shillings before he gave it up.

C. HOOD.



IS COUNTRY LIFE DULL?

Time and again town friends have asked me how I manage to endure what they call the tedious monotony of the country. I don't endure it; I enjoy it.

I suppose it takes all sorts of men to make a world. Some want to get on, as they call it. They want to have their names in the papers, and so on. I don't. A friend of mine once said I was more of a brute than a man; I wanted to knock him down at the time, but I believe now he was right. I am perfectly happy just living, and for living there is no place like the country.

Twice a week I have a day with the hounds, and as often I have an afternoon amongst the rabbits. Other days it's just sheer hard work without any recreation; but always I come home tired, ready to appreciate my chair by the fire and my pipe, and ready to have a chat or a game of cards, for my mind is active—possibly for want of exercise!

Each day is pretty much the same, but that is no fault, for each day is just as happy as it can be.

HORSE HIRING.

Lucky is the man who has his own gee on which to take his Saturday afternoon exercise. The majority of us have to be content with a hack belonging to somebody else.

The usual plan is to hire one from the nearest livery stables, the usual charge in the provinces being five shillings for the outing, lasting from an hour to two hours. With a little looking about, however, you can do it much cheaper than that.

If you mean to go in for riding regularly, and don't intend to keep your own mount, come to an arrangement with a horse hirer, promising, for instance, to take a horse every Saturday afternoon, but cutting down the price from five shillings to three-and-six.

I merely suggest this contract. Possibly you want to ride oftener, in which case it should come cheaper; or less seldom, in which case it must cost a little more. The great thing is to make up your mind how often you are likely to want a horse, and to make a definite contract accordingly.

Be careful that the hirer does not cheat you, for these professionally horsey folk are tricky. If your contract only says a horse, he may foist upon you any old cab screw.

Don't make any bargain till you have tried all the hacks he has available, and put in the contract the condition that the particular horse you fancy is to be your mount each time.

MUFLERS.

Many men have a prejudice against mufflers, because they regard them as coddling and even dangerous.

A muffler is dangerous if it is of any size, for then it heats your throat up, and makes you liable to a chill the next time you leave it off, but this objection cannot hold with small mufflers—strips of cloth little bigger than a handkerchief, only longer and narrower.

That is the sort I wear. It isn't because I want to keep my throat warm, for I am always pretty fit, and consequently don't suffer from cold. I wear a muffler because it keeps my collar clean.

In these winter months if you are wearing your overcoat collar turned up, your linen collar gets in a mess before you reach the office. To prevent this just wear a small muffler of the kind I have described.

I don't know what the stuff is they make them of; it's white and soft; but your girl will know, and possibly she will make you one.

Some men like silk mufflers, but I don't. They are so smooth that they work up with the motion of your shoulders as you walk, and, when you take your overcoat off, you find that your collar is not covered by the muffler and has consequently got dirty. Another claim of the cloth kind is that they are much cheaper.



NOTEBOOKS.

Most of us started the new year with the firm resolution that we would keep a diary and enter therein our daily doings. By this time we have stopped making the entries, and the little book lies snugly in one of the drawers of our dressing-table.

Quite right, too.

A man who is worth his salt is too busy doing something to have any time to write a note about it in a diary, and besides, if he set down all his thoughts and actions—truly—he would be preparing a fine weapon for his enemies, if the tell-tale book ever fell into their hands.

Diaries are no good. They waste your time, and they make you feel wicked when you neglect to write them up. The right thing for a man to keep is a notebook, small enough to get into his waistcoat pocket, and in it he will find it profitable to make a note of addresses, engagements, things he means to buy, and so forth.

A notebook is a useful aid to the memory, and you want nothing more. The diary recalls the details of the past, which are often neither useful nor pleasant.

If you have a neglected diary in your drawer, burn it; or run your pen through the dates and turn it into a simple notebook.

BODY BELTS.

I was glad to see in a recent number that Captain Saunders is not a supporter of corset-wearing for men. He did not actually condemn corsets, but he said nothing in their favour.

So far as I am concerned, I cannot understand why any man should want to constrict his lower ribs with stays, even if by so doing he does manage to make himself seem slim and compact.

If the lower regions need any support at all, the right thing to wear is a body belt. It doesn't matter whether it is made of flannel, webbing or leather; the main thing is that it fits just round the abdominal muscles without in any way impeding the contraction and expansion of the lower ribs.

For those who have to do much bending in their work, a well-made body belt is a great support and comfort, and it is very useful too in many forms of athletics.

Pressing on the waist, as it does, it can't do any harm; but corsets press against the ribs and are consequently detrimental to the development of the chest.

JOT IT DOWN.

Sometimes an idea strikes you. What do you do with it? Generally, it is to be feared, you let it go again. An idea let loose in that way is no good to anybody. Jot it down, and send it to us. If it is something fresh we shall let it loose on this page. Let us have something with plenty of masculine interest in it.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 is. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. W. H. Johnstone, 49, Newport Street, Belfast, for "Cross-country receptions."

CROSS-COUNTRY RECEPTIONS.

It is much to be regretted that so many farmers place every obstacle in the way of cross-country running. In a Belfast paper there recently appeared a notice signed by three gentlemen farmers, threatening prosecution for trespass if any harrier so much as set foot on their ground.

It is not uncommon for the hares of a pack to be met by a farmer with a gun and half-a-dozen dogs. The plea is always that the harriers destroy the fences and trample the growing crops—which is sheer nonsense, for no real sportsman would ever do such a thing, and harriers are admitted on all hands to be the finest of sportsmen.

It is pleasant to contrast such a boorish reception as this with the behaviour of many other farmers. Some are ready to supply any club that applies to them with stripping accommodation, and I know one who delightedly stands with a hose pipe and plays the water on our legs after we have finished our run, in order that the trainers may devote their time to rubbing down.

A man of this stamp is a sportsman at heart, though advancing years prevent his being a harrier himself, and he and all his kind have the hearty good wishes not only of all cross-country men but also of devotees of every other sport.

BOARDING MOVING TRAINS.

It is said that wisdom is the fruit of experience; here is a chance to learn something without having risked your neck to prove the danger. I did it for you.

The other day I particularly wanted to catch a certain train, and, as usually happens when you feel like that, everything seemed to go wrong and I was late in leaving the house.

I made a rare old sprint for it to the station—I don't say I could beat Dorando, but I felt as tired at the end of my mile run as he did at the end of his Marathon.

When I got to the station, the train was just puffing out, but I made a final spurt and climbed on to the footboard. Whether it was that I had been running too fast, or whether it was that my stamina gave way now that I seemed to have scored my goal, I do not know; but anyhow my legs collapsed beneath me, and I came down on my knees on the footboard.

The porters rushed at me, supposing I had slipped between the train and the platform, but I still had hold of the handle of the carriage door and of the bracket beside it, and luckily, though my legs were dead beat, my arms were still strong enough to pull me up.

I scrambled into the carriage, and I laughed out at the window at one of the porters who was cursing me for a fool; but, though I wouldn't have let him know it, I was shaking with fright at the narrowness of my escape.

I have resolved never again to try to board a moving train, and I suggest that my fellow readers would be wise to come to a like determination.

FIXING A TIE.

Nearly every man has found trouble in fixing a tie with a double collar.

If the tie is fat and badly made there is no remedy, for it will always stick between the folds of the linen. Therefore in buying your ties, select those that are fairly thin, yet strong.

The next, and the great, point is to place the tie close to the bottom of the collar, and not up at the top where the two parts press together.

A tie resting at the base of a double collar can easily be pulled about as you want it, and that is a very necessary thing to secure a good knot, whether it be a bow or a four-in-hand.

A lot depends, too, on how the collar itself sits.

A collar that is difficult to fix on the stud, always means trouble when you come to arranging your tie.

Before you put the collar on, bend it round your hand, not so much as to spoil its shape, but sufficiently to make the two points lie close together.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By W. PRINGLE GRAHAM.

MR EASTWICK'S HAND

It was quite unnecessary for Mr. Eastwick to have a circular saw installed in his workshop, for his carpentry was merely done for his own amusement and he could afford to buy the requisite boards and planks ready cut by the timber merchant. He had, however, a turning lathe, which was worked by a small gas engine, and, the power being thus at hand, he could not resist the temptation of having a circular saw erected when he beheld a picture of one in a catalogue of tools.

He loved the circular saw.

With that ingratitude, however, which is not the exclusive characteristic of inanimate things, the saw returned him but poor interest for the care and attention lavished upon it. He oiled it with the most expensive lubricant, and he fed into it much valuable wood, not because the wood needed cutting but just to keep the saw busy.

One day he misjudged the distance and fed the saw with his wrist.

Off came his left hand as cleanly as if it had been done by a fashionable surgeon.

Mr. Eastwick picked up the severed member and looked at it hopelessly.

"Ah, well," he said, "I'm glad it was not the other one. The little finger was stiff anyhow—has been since I hit the knuckle with that hammer—and the thumb has been sore ever since I spilt the glue pot on it."

These consoling reflections were cut short by his observing that the blood was trickling from the stump and spoiling a heap of nice clean sawdust.

"John," he shouted, "John!"

John was Mr. Eastwick's man of all work. He attended to the garden, drove and groomed the pony, occasionally assisted Mr. Eastwick in his workshop, and brushed his master's clothes. At the sound of his name John threw down the bridle which he had been cleaning, and hurried across the lawn to the little wooden shed where the circular saw was still buzzing.

Fortunately John had once been the possessor of a book on elementary surgery, and he now tied a handkerchief round the stump of Mr. Eastwick's arm, inserted the handle of a chisel, and twisted it round till the bleeding stopped.

"Now, sir," said John, "I'll run and fetch the doctor, but you really should go to bed. My mother's cousin once had a finger cut off, and the wound never healed up, just because he did not go to bed at once. Never mind what the doctor tells you, sir. Just you keep to bed for a bit."

Mr. Eastwick was much alarmed at the story of the sad case of John's relative, and when John returned some ten minutes later with the doctor, he learned to his satisfaction that his master had gone to bed.

John's job was quite a pleasant one, and would have been in his eyes ideal had it not been for Mr. Eastwick's interference in all matters which John considered came within his own particular province.

Mr. Eastwick decided what work should be done in the garden, when the pony should be taken out for exercise, and other things which John considered himself perfectly capable of deciding. He therefore congratulated himself that, as a result of having recounted his relative's sad case—which was a pure invention—he had induced Mr. Eastwick to remove himself from the garden and its precincts for some little time to come. When the doctor had departed the housemaid summoned John to his master's bedroom.

"John," said Mr. Eastwick, "I have been considering what is to be done with my hand. I think I left it on the tool bench in the workshop. You might fetch it, John."

John borrowed a plate from the kitchen, took a pair of pliers, and, lifting the hand gingerly with them, placed it on this porcelain charger. Then, having sprinkled a little sawdust around it by way of garnishing, he carried it to his master's bedside.



"John," said Mr. Eastwick, "the doctor offered to dispose of my hand for me, but I am not going to let it be cut up by him or anybody else, though that stiff little finger would doubtless make an interesting study. I'm going to have it cremated, John."

John wondered why he was being taken into Mr. Eastwick's confidence in the matter.

"I happen to have some shares in the Edinburgh Crematorium," Mr. Eastwick continued, "and when I die, John, I'm going to let them have the job. I never thought I should be able to bring them any business before that time, but here I have an opportunity of finding out exactly how they do things."

He paused, and John nodded deferentially.

"I want you to take this hand up to Edinburgh, have it cremated and bring back the ashes to me," Mr. Eastwick continued. "I might have gone up with it myself, but, considering your relative's fate, I should be safer to remain at home. Here is a £10 note."

John folded it up and put it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"You can easily catch the four train to Victoria and the eight train from Euston," the victim of the accident proceeded. "You will be in Edinburgh early to-morrow morning, and you can have the ashes to-morrow night. With luck you should catch a London train to-morrow evening and be back here just about this time two days hence."

"Very good, sir," said John. "I'll dress at once, but how shall I pack the hand?"

"Put it in that little satinwood box that I made yesterday, and," said Mr. Eastwick, "be very sure you don't lose it. By the way I shall expect an exact account of every penny of that £10 note. Remember I know the fares, and I have a very shrewd guess as to the hotel expenses."

"Very well, sir," said John solemnly, and with just a trace of injured innocence in his expression.

A quarter of an hour later John again presented himself in his master's room.

He was a spruce young man, and he was dressed at this moment more as if he were going upon a pleasant outing than if he were executing a funeral commission. He had a grey overcoat with a grey velvet collar, a black bowler hat, a high white collar and a red tie.

In his hand he carried a satinwood box, and when he pulled the lid to one side he revealed Mr. Eastwick's left hand daintily bedded in cotton wool.

When Mr. Eastwick had expressed his satisfaction and bade his servant good-bye, John betook himself to his own room above the stable, where he removed the hand from the satinwood box and tied it up neatly in a piece of an old waterproof cycling cape. He then burnt the box and put the gruesome package into his handbag.

"No need for useless luggage like that," he said.

Between Brighton and London John had a solid hour in which to review the unaccustomed situation in which he found himself. It had been

a very long time indeed since he had had a holiday, and he was not a little pleased at having to execute a commission that took him to Edinburgh. He would be travelling most of the time, but still it would be a change.

John was cogitating as to how he could make his mission as pleasant as possible for himself, when suddenly his eye lighted on a photograph of Piccadilly Circus, which adorned the opposite side of the carriage, and it struck him that he could have an uncommonly good time in London if he did not go to Edinburgh at all, but spent the money intended for the fare on the educative process of seeing life.

The idea at first took John's breath away, but he turned it over in his mind again and began to think it feasible.

By the time he reached London he had decided that it was completely so.

At a tobacco stall in Victoria station John purchased a supply of threepenny cigars, and, smoking one of these with a lordly manner, he chartered a hansom and had himself driven to a hotel in the Strand. When he had engaged a room, he searched about till he found an inviting tea shop, and it was while he drank cup after cup of tea and ate cake after cake in that establishment that he perfected the details of his scheme.

When he had settled up for his refreshments, he made his way towards Trafalgar Square, searching as he went for a fancy shop. At last he found one, and there he purchased a little terra-cotta pot, such as talented young ladies buy to paint distorted flowers upon.

John had seen pictures of cinerary urns, and he had at first intended buying a tobacco jar as being the most easily obtained imitation of one, but then he remembered that the ashes of a hand would not be placed in an urn so large. He put the terra-cotta pot in his coat pocket, and after a stroll about took his place in the queue in front of the Tivoli.

That evening he spent listening to the singing and music, occasionally thinking how far the Edinburgh express would now be upon its way, and constantly flicking the ash of the cigars he consumed into the little terra-cotta jar which he had placed on the seat beside him.

Into all of John's dissipations and diversions it is not necessary here to enter, but in the morning he woke up with a very sore head.

After breakfast he walked to Piccadilly, up Regent Street, and was just passing down Oxford Street when he encountered an old friend, one William Tompkins, who had been butler at a house where John had been boots boy some years before.

They had a drink together, and, as John's impulses responded to the warmth of the spirit, he determined to disclose to his friend the deception he was playing.

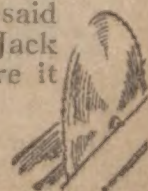
Mr. Tompkins had established a registry for servants, and was now doing remarkably well. He was not, however, above sharing John's unexpected wealth, and they arranged to meet again that evening and go to a theatre together.

The performance was half finished when John's pleasure was suddenly ruined by the recollection of the fact that he had not yet disposed of the hand, although he had now completely filled the terra-cotta jar with cigar ash.

He excused himself to Mr. Tompkins, assured him that he would certainly patronise his registry should occasion for it occur, and took a 'bus back to his hotel. There he unearthed the hand from his bag, and placed it, safely covered in its wrappings, in his breast pocket.

John had no hesitation as to what he should do with Mr. Eastwick's severed member. He had read that the Thames was the favourite dumping ground for everything that Londoners wanted to dispose of quietly, and accordingly he asked a policeman which 'bus he ought to take to the Thames.

But John's articulation was by this time indistinct, and the policeman, thinking he said Thames-Street, saw him on to a Union Jack 'bus, and John had reached the Bank before it



occurred to him that the Thames seemed a very long way from the Strand.

When he got out at the Bank he knew where he was, for he had been there sight-seeing earlier in the day. He realised that he had made a mistake, but he determined to have a drink before he rectified it.

After having this drink, he was not only merry but unusually confident of his speed and endurance, so he resolved that instead of taking a 'bus back he would walk. He left Cheapside and proceeded along Holborn till he came to the bridge that crosses Farringdon-Street.

Far away, and they seemed very distant, the lights of Ludgate-Circus twinkled merrily at him. The City watercarts had just traversed Farringdon-Street, and its surface gleamed wet below him.

"This must be London Bridge," said John to himself, "though I don't notice any shipping. Possibly all the boats have gone in out of the dark."

He drew the package from his pocket and was about to throw it over the bridge when he bethought him that he might as well keep back the waterproof, as the air inside the packet might make the hand float on the surface. He therefore cut the string with his pocket knife, unwrapped the waterproof and threw the hand over the parapet. He held his breath till he heard it strike the wood paving with a slap.

"Thus do I consign you to a watery grave," said John, for the lights made him feel poetic.

Next afternoon John returned to his master's house in Brighton. He was looking rather pale and done up, as a man might be expected to do who had just come from a long journey. He handed the terra-cotta jar of tobacco ash to his master, gave him particulars of imaginary expenses, and returned him the twopence halfpenny which the change amounted to.

Mr. Eastwick placed the jar on the table at his bedside and meditated upon its contents. Then he examined it more closely and was struck by the fact that the ashes should bulk so large.

It seemed to him that the job had not been very well done, and he determined on having the ashes sent to an analyst in order to find out whether his hand had indeed been reduced to a minimum.

It was three days later when the analyst's report informed him that the jar submitted to him contained only the ash of cheap cigars.

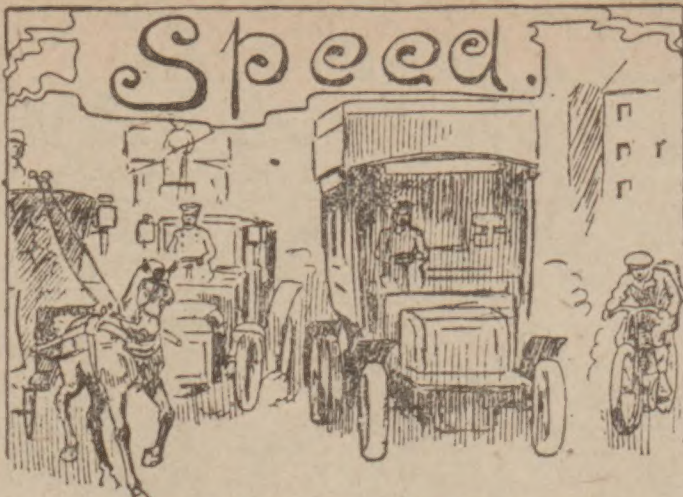
Mr. Eastwick told the maid-servant to bring John to him immediately, but John had gone down to the town to buy fodder for the pony, and so Mr. Eastwick picked up the morning paper to while away the time till his return. The first paragraph which caught his eye was the following:

"We are desired by the authorities of Scotland Yard to give publicity to the fact that a human hand, severed at the wrist by some sharp instrument, was found in Farringdon-Street on Tuesday evening. A policeman on point duty in Holborn observed a young man dressed in a grey overcoat, bowler hat and red tie, throw something over the Viaduct.

"The police have so far been unsuccessful in discovering the whereabouts of the young man, but, believing that a ghastly murder has been perpetrated, they enlist our help in order that anyone who may be aware of the identity of the young man may immediately communicate with them. The small finger of the hand is stiff, and the joint has evidently at some time been injured, while the thumb shows the marks of a recent burn."

Mr. Eastwick stretched out his hand, took the terra-cotta jar and emptied its contents into the spittoon which stood beside his bed. Then he rang the bell and, when paper and pen had been brought to him, wrote a letter which should have proved extremely interesting to the Commissioner of Police.

John has been able to redeem his promise to his friend Mr. Tompkins, for when next day he found himself out of employment he immediately sent his name to the ex-butler's registry.



SOME VIEWS ON MODERN LIFE.

The pace of modern life is blamed for half our ailments, but this is merely another case of wrongful conviction.

If you visit a hydropathic establishment, or a health resort of the Bournemouth class, you will discover many young men suffering from what they describe as a nervous breakdown following over-work. If you take the trouble to investigate the cases of one or two, you will learn that over-work entered not at all in the causation of their malady.

They are suffering from one of those collapses which come sooner or later to those who toil not.

I doubt if over-work exists at all. I am inclined to think it is a word invented by the lexicographers for a state which may better be described as laziness.

When it comes to the end of a day's labours, you want to break off and get home. That is merely habit and circumstance.

If you are working for your own direct profit, or if you are compelled to work from some outside cause, you will find that, after having fought down for an hour or so the disinclination for further labour, the tired feeling disappears altogether, and you experience in your work an actual and positive pleasure which, perhaps, you have not experienced during the whole of the day.

It seems to me that the chief pleasure of work, as of athletics, lies in the amount which you do over and above your usual quantity.

So far as injuring your health is concerned, I do not think that is possible from over-work. You would fall asleep before any damage was done.

Take the case of the country doctor. His days he spends racing from patient to patient, probably on a motor-bicycle. His charges are low and his practice scattered. At night he is liable to be called at any moment, and he is generally summoned from his virtuous couch at least six times in the week. Yet he is healthier and happier than the London specialist whose fees are high and whose leisure time is extensive.

The man who does not require to work hard for his income experiences frequent spells of idleness. Idleness means weariness, and weariness is unquestionably damaging to the health.

It is interesting to compare the cases of a couple of students, one reading hard for an examination, the other spending his time in athletics. The hard worker has, perhaps, only five hours' sleep each night for three months, yet at the end of it all he is in a state of mental alertness which his less laborious compeer cannot pretend to, and in most cases his physical condition has not suffered in any respect.

My argument is that a well-filled day is more likely to produce a sound mental and physical condition than a day spent in a haphazard manner, and I would urge that the reader try the experiment for himself.

Let him put in a hard week's work, without very much enjoyment, perhaps one visit to a theatre, and let him compare his feelings at the end of that week with those he has experienced after a week of slackness.

If he reviews the matter in all fairness he will plump for the strenuous week.

MATTHEW J. WENTWORTH.

STORIES OF DENTISTS.

BY A LICENSED TORTURER.

A man was recently wanted by the police for a series of "long firm" frauds which he had committed in London. He had slipped through their clutches, and had hidden himself somewhere in the provinces; that he had not left the country was known, for every out-going ship had been watched.

The authorities at Scotland Yard considered it inadvisable to have his description publicly circulated, as that would put him on his guard. But they wired to the police of the various provincial towns particulars of the criminal's appearance, one feature of which was that two of his front teeth were heavily stopped with gold.

A couple of weeks passed but he was not run to earth. Then one morning a Newcastle dentist received a visit from a man who wanted two front teeth pulled. He said they were aching, but there was no trace of a cavity in either of them, and the dentist wondered why his patient should wish to have them out, especially as it was obvious from the stopping that he had once paid heavily to keep them in.

So he informed his visitor that he would have to fetch a special instrument, thus lulling his suspicions. Then he went to his waiting-room where there was a telephone, and rang up the police, describing the stranger and stating the reason for his suspicions. Five minutes later the swindler was arrested.

He had guessed that the stopping in his teeth might be used as an identification mark, and, as there was no other way of getting rid of it, he had determined to have the teeth drawn, but he reckoned without his dentist.

It is not always the dentist who scores. Not very long ago a stranger called on a Paris dentist, and asked him to remove a hard substance which had stuck in a hollow tooth while he was swallowing an oyster. The dentist did so, and found it to be a pearl.

The patient then announced that he had left his purse behind, and requested that the pearl might be accepted instead of a fee. To this the dentist agreed, but, as he was being very much overpaid, he insisted on the man taking a couple of sovereigns for it.

The patient readily agreed, and the pearl became the dentist's property.

As that size of pearl would have been worth about £1,000, if genuine, the dentist was not being over generous; but, alas and alack! it was not genuine, as he discovered after the patient had left. He had paid £2 for what was merely an unpierced pearl bead, worth a farthing. Happily for the French dental profession, the trickster was finally laid by the heels.

A Zurich dentist has devised a drastic method of dealing with those who will not pay their bills. For a dressmaker he crowned a number of teeth: that is, he fixed artificial teeth on old roots. But the lady could not pay.

He then induced her to give him another "sitting" and at this he forcibly extracted the unpaid teeth, pulling the roots out with them, and dislocating her jaw. The local court fined him 25s., and made him pay his victim £2 10s. as a solatium.

The most remarkable of all dentist stories, however, is that of the secretary of a French deputy. This young man went to have a tooth pulled, but the dentist was not satisfied with that.

"We'll have them all out," he yelled. Then he added as he produced a revolver: "Move a muscle and I shoot."

The unfortunate patient was face to face with a madman, and he was too frightened to move. When eight teeth had been wrenched out the dentist said: "That will do. Half-a-crown please."

The secretary stumbled from the torture chamber, more dead than alive, for the pain combined with the nervous shock, must have been terrific.

The next visit was from a force of police, two of whom were seriously wounded before they got the lunatic handcuffed.

B. FISHER.





*Oh! where is a sphere
Like a student's career,
With its infinitesimal troubles?—
—'VARSITY SONG.*

"Half-past seven, sir!"

The scout puts his head in at the bedroom door, and our freshman becomes aware that a bell is ringing furiously somewhere outside, that he must hurry up to get in to morning chapel, and that it is a decidedly dismal morning in October; but the thought that he is no longer a mere schoolboy, but an Oxford man braces him up, and he dresses with astonishing rapidity.

Catching up his gown, he rushes off across the quad to the chapel, through the entrance of which a stream of men is pouring.

Many have evidently dressed, or rather half-dressed, themselves in the most precipitate manner.

THE USEFUL OVERCOAT.

Here is one man, for instance, with an overcoat buttoned up tightly under his chin, and a suspicious appearance of being minus collar and tie, if indeed he has a shirt on, which is quite problematic.

Many are wearing dancing pumps or slippers of various kinds, and are donning gowns or surplices as they hurry along.

The service is soon over and our hero returns to his breakfast, which is brought to his rooms from the college kitchen by his scout; that is, the man whose duty is to wait on him, make his bed, and look after him generally, and who usually has a quite exaggerated notion of what a scout's perquisites should be.

At ten o'clock he attends certain lectures till twelve, arrayed in his cap and gown, which he is also supposed to wear in the streets after nine at night. This rule is one that is broken more frequently than any other, and must be a source of some profit to the University, as any man caught by the Proctor, after nine o'clock without cap and gown, is fined five shillings.

PLENTY OF SPORT.

The ordinary undergraduate lunches in a very simple fashion on bread and cheese, butter and squish (marmalade), and the afternoon is devoted to sports, of which the freshman has a great variety to choose from.

If he plays football he puts his name down to play in a squash; that is, a practice game, which will show what the men are made of.

Or he may play golf, and betake himself to the links at Radley or Cowley, to damage a prodigious quantity of turf and use language rather too strong to be polite.

Or again he may wish to go in for rowing, in which case he betakes himself to the college barge, arrayed in shorts, stockings and sweater, is taken out tubbing by a coach, which in plain English, means that he is taken out in a pair-oared boat, with another novice, by some one who has distinguished himself in aquatic circles, and is initiated into the mysteries of putting his oar into the water without catching crabs, or knocking his teeth out with the handle.

If he is a horsey man, he may ride with the Varsity Drag Hounds, or, if he does not ride, there are several packs of Beagles with which

he may run. Dinner takes place at seven in the College Hall, and here again the gown must be worn. An undergraduate must dine in Hall a certain number of nights per week, and must also attend a certain number of times at morning chapel during the term.

Our freshman will find that all the tradesmen treat him with a deference and servility which is as strange as it is pleasing, and, unless he is of a careful disposition, he may contract the expensive habit of strolling into shops and ordering things which take his fancy, having them put down to his account, which will give him a considerable shock when he receives it at the end of term.

THINGS YOU NEVER FORGET.

An unpopular man occasionally gets "ragged." The raggers enter his room, and, as they figuratively put it, make hay there.

The coal scuttle will be put in his bed, his bath on the piano, and perhaps a window or two broken, but no real damage is done, and generally no malice is harboured.

But the thing to be remembered all one's life is a bump supper. If a college has gone head of the river or made several bumps in the May bumping races, commonly called "Eights," a supper is held in the College Hall, after which a huge bonfire is lighted in the quad, and dons and tutors discreetly retire.

Men dance round the fire, and even through it, like howling Dervishes, and as soon as it shows signs of lacking fuel, anything combustible within reach is piled on it; tables, chairs, doors, mats, and sometimes even pianos are thrown on.

Once, it is said, one of the dons ventured to remonstrate, and he too was thrown on, but as the ringleaders apologised most handsomely next morning he decided to overlook the matter. Whether this is true or not is doubtful.

The following story is told of a well-known divine. In his undergraduate days he was present at a bump supper, and afterwards was discovered sitting in the middle of the quad, "mit nodings on," under an umbrella.

WHAT HE WAS.

The porter, on asking him if he could help him to his room, was astonished to receive the following answer: "Go away, you silly fool! Can't you see I'm growing? I'm a mushroom."

These outbursts of frivolity seldom do much harm. The damage is all paid for, and except for a headache next morning, nobody is a whit the worse.

If it is true that one's school days are the happiest of one's life, those at the 'Varsity run them pretty close, and if any man, whether his income be five thousand or a hundred and fifty, does not have the best time of his life at Oxford, and improve himself both in mind and body in every way, then, I should say, it is his own fault.

W. F. ANNIS.

A ROYAL FANCY.

You have probably observed to your cost at some time or other the custom of keeping clocks half-an-hour fast, which is so prevalent in the country.

The reason for it appears to be unknown even by those who practise it, but they find themselves in good company, for the King himself shares this fancy.

Every clock in the Royal palaces is kept exactly thirty minutes fast. At Sandringham the idea is carried even further, and you will find the church clock indicating six when it is only half-past five.

Great has been the horror of some of his Majesty's visitors when they have discovered that they are, according to the Royal clocks, half-an-hour late for their appointment.

Then comes the abject apologies, but the King quickly cuts them short and explains that it is only a little fad of his.

BEATING THE POACHERS.

BY A GAMEKEEPER.

When I took up charge of the estate where I now am, the place swarmed with poachers, but by the exercise of a little ingenuity I have reduced their numbers very nearly to vanishing point.

One innovation was to trace thefts of eggs in a scientific manner. I wrote my own name on every pheasant's egg I knew of, with an ink which remained invisible until the egg was washed with a certain fluid. I suspected a notorious character of being in the habit of stealing my eggs, and I had suspicions which game-breeding farm he was selling them to.

We ourselves were buying dozens of eggs at the time, and so I gave the order for all we required from this particular firm. As each dozen came in, I dipped the eggs in the fluid I have mentioned, and at last I was rewarded by seeing my own name stand out in dark brown letters on the side of one egg.

It was my signature and afforded absolute identification, so I stated the circumstances fully to the owner of the game farm and demanded to know who in our district was selling him pheasants' eggs.

To save his own skin, he informed me that the only person in my locality was a certain A—, and the prosecution of A— very quickly followed.

None of the poachers quite knew how I had done it, and the very uncertainty of my methods has so far kept them from tampering with my pheasants' eggs.

I am not going to divulge the nature of the ink I used, nor the name of the fluid that made it visible; for the information might get into the hands of my professional enemies, and I do not want that, as I might have to resort to the same trick again.

At one time I used to fix wires between trees about a foot from the ground with a view to tripping up trespassers, but, though I could see from the way in which the wires were bent that they had effected their purpose, yet the rabbits in this wood continued to disappear.

I began to see that, though the poachers fell, they did not hurt themselves.

Since then I have stretched my wires between five feet and six feet from the ground, and I have found them answer perfectly. A man may not mind his shins coming in contact with the wire, and being tripped up on soft turf, but there are few who care to strike a wire with their faces, and particularly with their noses.

I wish I could have seen the working out of one little scheme. I know I shook with laughter at the thought of it.

There was a very filthy ditch bordering our estate, and rather too wide to be conveniently jumped. I took a stout plank, sawed it in the middle till it was almost divided, and then filled up the edges of the cut with putty, darkened to be the same colour as the wood. It seemed very solid and reliable.

But appearances were deceptive.

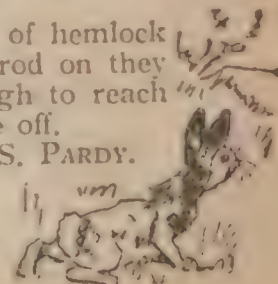
This doctored plank I laid down at the other side of the ditch, for I suspected that poachers sometimes came upon us from that side.

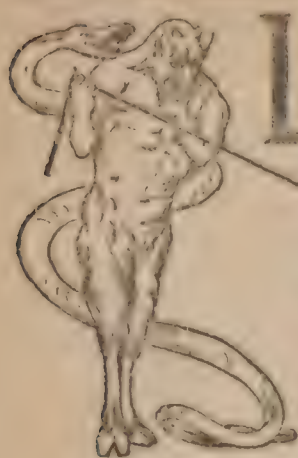
In the morning I found the two pieces of plank, one tilted against the bank and the other resting on the mud. There were several footmarks below the bank, and against one flat stone there was the imprint of a very muddy hand. The poacher had availed himself of the plank and placed it across the ditch and he must have been just about half across when it broke and landed him in the slime.

To find out whether certain paths have been used by poachers, we tie thin threads of cotton between the bushes. In going our rounds it is only necessary to look whether these threads have been snapped.

We also sprinkle the dried stalks of hemlock over the paths. When these are trod on they crack with a noise quite loud enough to reach the ears of a keeper a good distance off.

G. S. PARDY.





LONDON. HELL

XI. THE TELL-TALE THREE.

Fittest for to forge true-seeming lies.—SPENSER.

In a certain house within a penny 'bus ride of Waterloo Station, live three of the most interesting rogues in all London. Their names and their residence I refuse to divulge, for on one occasion I was indebted to the senior member of the trio for a great personal kindness.

In the course of my explorations I was one evening seated at the tables in a low-class gambling hell in Soho, when a sentinel hurried into the room with the ominous whisper "Police!" For me to have been caught at that time would have been disastrous, for I was then on the staff of a paper the owner of which would have dismissed me, had the news of my escapade come to his ears, for he was a sworn enemy to gambling in all its forms. The plea that I had been studying life for journalistic purposes, though that was the actual truth, would not, I knew, be entertained by my chief for a single moment, for it was the obvious excuse that would be made by any man of my profession when caught in this way.

I had struck up an acquaintance with the man who sat next to me, and I now observed that, though most of the others were in a state of panic, he remained self-possessed. I therefore asked him to help me.

HOW WE ESCAPED.

As I spoke, someone turned out the gas. "Quick!" he cried, catching me by the arm. "In another second they will rush for the door like a flock of sheep, and we shall not be able to get through them."

I followed him upstairs into an attic room, and through the window on to the roof. We scrambled along the slates till we reached an untenanted house some distance away. We entered it by a window and made our way down the stairs and into the street.

That was how my friendship with this remarkable man commenced. Before I bade him good-night he invited me to call and see him some day.

When I eventually went to his house, I was introduced to two friends who shared it with him. These three, and an old woman who looked after them, constituted the household, and many a pleasant evening have I spent at their fireside, smoking and drinking and listening to their stories grave and gay, for each is a born raconteur. It was only after I had been there nearly a dozen times that they bestowed on me their full confidence and disclosed to me their mode of livelihood.

THE THREE LIARS.

I almost wish they had never done so, for as a sharer of their secrets I have sometimes felt that I almost shared their guilt. Now, for the first time, I am setting my mind at rest by disclosing to the public the traps which these men are constantly setting. By concealing their names and the locality of the house I feel that I am sufficiently keeping their trust.

The eldest of the three men, and the one whom I met in the Soho gambling den, is a solicitor who has been struck off the rolls. The second is a disrobed clergyman. The third is a retired Army captain, and the only one of the trio who has never been publicly disgraced.

You may think me a very disreputable person for associating with such rogues; all I can say in answer to the charge is that I have never assisted them in any way, and, moreover, I have

learnt from them more of the seamy side of London life than could have been gathered otherwise in the course of many years.

Two-thirds of all the begging letters received by charitable people in this country, emanate from that house on the south side of the river.

They have long since dropped the pathetic appeal of the widow with a young family, who is anxious to ob-

tain a loan to enable her to start a small business; that scheme, and others of the same kind, they leave to amateurs and to those begging-letter writers who work from cheap lodging-houses. The nets they spread are of a newer pattern, much more elaborate, and infinitely more successful in trapping the tender-hearted pigeons whom they pluck.

The Tell-tale Three, which is the title by which the rogues flippantly refer to their organisation, have "Burke," "Debrett," and "Who's Who" at their finger ends, and they have also a fund of knowledge which is exclusively their own.

THE PARSON'S SPECIALITY.

The clergyman knows the name of the incumbent of every parish in the kingdom, and he keeps a row of notebooks containing the history of each, where the person concerned was born, where he was educated, and what positions he has held. These facts are kept up-to-date by a careful study of the newspapers and certain weeklies devoted to religious matters.

In the same way the captain can, on looking up his notes, tell you the life story and family history of any officer in either the active or retired list of the whole Army. He is now compiling a similar list for the Territorials, which he expects to be very profitable.

The most diligent in this respect, however, is the man of law. His professional brethren he leaves alone, for he considers them a barren field so far as injudicious alms-giving is concerned. University and public school men are his special charges. He has for years subscribed to every university and school publication, and, with a little searching, he can give you a complete list of all the men attending any university at any fixed date, and also of the classes they took, the prizes they gained and the sports in which they indulged.

A press-cutting agency supplies them with the subscription lists published in either London or provincial papers, and the names of those whose charitable instincts thus become known, are entered alphabetically in a book kept for this purpose, and known to the three as the Gift Book.

A SUPPOSED OLD CHUM.

Such then are the preparations. Let us now review the manner in which they are turned to use. A name is selected at random from the university notebooks, and is duly ticked off, the date being written in a space at the side. Search is then made for the name of a man who was in the same class at college as the victim; if the latter was a footballer, the name will be that of some member of the football team. The following letter is then sent out:

"Dear Sir,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the serious illness of Mr. George Carlton, who was, he tells me, at Cambridge at the same time as yourself, namely fifteen years ago. I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of his assertion, but, if he is speaking the truth, you will doubtless remember him."

"I was called in to attend him about a week ago, when I found him to be suffering from advanced phthisis. He is now slightly better, but it is imperative, if his life is to be saved, that he shall be sent for a short time to the south of France. As things stand, this is impossible, as he has fallen on evil days, but, when I pointed out to him that his life depended on it, he reluctantly gave me your name as an old friend who might advance the necessary money."

"If you can see your way to do so, you might either send a cheque to me or forward it direct to him at 14, Blue Lion Street. I am writing on his

behalf, as he is still too weak to hold a pen."

"Faithfully yours, Joseph Barton, M.D."

It is the ex-clergyman who deals with most of the correspondence, and the above letter he would type out neatly on paper of excellent quality, bearing at the top an embossed address and the hours for consultation with the imaginary Barton, M.D. Both this address and the one in the body of the letter are those of small shops where letters are taken in and given to the addressee on payment of a penny for each.

WHY THE SCHEME SUCCEEDS.

The old-classmate scheme generally works well, for it is notorious how university men lose all trace of one another after they have left college, and there is small likelihood of the victim knowing that his one-time friend, George Carlton, is, far from being a penniless invalid, now a prosperous apple-grower in Canada.

Here is a sample of the letter that is sent to Army officers. It is not typed this time, but written in a round and illiterate hand:

"Colonel Spiers, D.S.O., Sir,—It is with a feeling of great diffidence that I write to you, but I could think of none other to whom to apply. You may remember that I acted as your orderly for some weeks during the Ashanti campaign."

"When my time was up I started a small shop, but I could not get on, and was obliged at last to borrow money. Knowing little of civilian life, I agreed to pay too high a rate of interest, and the loan is now a millstone about my neck. My only hope is to raise enough to pay off the moneylender before things come to the worst and I am sold up."

"If you could advance me £50 at four per cent. you would be saving a fellow creature from the gutter. I am paying seventy-five per cent. now. I would send your interest regularly each quarter, and would agree to repay the loan within three years. £50 may be little to you, but it would save me and my family from ruin."

"Your Obedient Servant, J. Hincks, Corporal."

ROBBING THE CLERGY.

In the old days, and in the case of amateurs still, attempts were made to induce clergymen to help the ordinary victims of destitution, so dear to the heart of the begging-letter writer; but, after being bitten a few times, the clergy grew cautious, and they now for the most part restrict their charity to cases they can investigate personally. The Tell-tale Three, however, work on more advanced lines and they still find the clergy highly profitable.

The ministers they select are men who have had calls to places far distant from their native locality. The following is the kind of letter they receive:

"To the Rev. William Smith, Sir,—You will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in writing to you."

"I do not suppose you remember me, but I was born at Barrows Farm, where my father still is. I was a boy when I was taken into Kilmarnock to hear you preach your first sermon in the parish church after you returned with all the honours Glasgow University could give you."

"From what I heard yesterday from a Liverpool man, you are now the leading divine in the great seaport. I have not been so lucky. I came to London to make my fortune, but after a year of misery I find myself broken in spirit and penniless, and I am determined to get back to my native Ayrshire."

POVERTY, PRIDE, AND PROMISES.

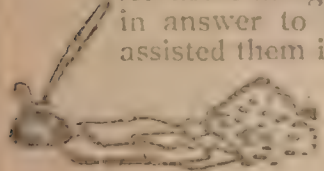
"I am too proud to write to my parents, who can ill afford to help me, so I have summoned up my courage to ask you for a loan of £5 to pay my fare and let me get a decent suit of clothes. This sum I will repay with manifold interest at the earliest possible moment."

"Respectfully yours, G. Macintosh."

They tell me that they are going to drop the business in two years from now, separate, and lead the lives of country gentlemen, but probably before then the police will have laid them by the heels. For the sake of public benevolence, which is such a beautiful thing, it is sincerely to be hoped that such will be their fate.

STUART FREEMAN.

[This article closes our present series on "London Hell." I have, however, commissioned Mr. Stuart Freeman to contribute further articles on certain aspects of crime which he has not touched upon in this series. These articles will appear from time to time exclusively in THE MODERN MAN.—ED.]



They laughed con-
sumedly.—FARQUHAR.

It is not likely that Balmer will ever forget the match in which he scored a goal against his own side. The shot was a difficult one at best, and, while he was trying to catch the leather with the wrong foot, he slipped somehow on the muddy ground and sent the ball clean through the Everton goal posts.

The goal-keeper stared for a moment in blank amazement; then he advanced and shook Balmer solemnly by the hand, a ceremony which was afterwards gone through by each of the other Everton men, greatly to the disgust of the victim of the accident.

Another goal-keeper was less calm under trial. When W. R. Moon was keeping goal for the Corinthians against the Glasgow Rangers, he had wandered some distance from the uprights and saved from the very toe of an opposing forward. He was returning to his goal, when the forward wheeled about, kicked out dexterously and assisted Moon on his progress.

This was a kindness which Moon did not quite appreciate, and, turning like a flash of lightning, he pursued the forward down the field. The fugitive was rather more fleet of foot, however, and the outraged dignity of the goal-keeper remained unavenged.

Mirth and indignation were combined in connection with an incident which happened at Bangor. The ball alighted on a branch of a tree, and stuck there, and was only released when a forward of the home team had climbed up and knocked it off with his hand.

A MEAN CLAIM.

The spectators laughed at the little mishap, but their laughter was promptly turned to jeers when the visiting captain claimed a free kick for "hands."

He seemed likely to get it, too, till the home captain pointed out that the free kick must be taken at the point where the ball was handled, and that if there was to be a free kick the ball must be replaced on the branch. At this proposal the claimant subsided, for he did not feel himself equal to climbing that tree, and the matter was compromised by a throw-up.

The fame of Bambridge of the Corinthians was so well established that the opponents of his club, in the final of a certain county cup, considered the trophy to be practically theirs when they heard that he had broken a leg, for it was believed that there was not sufficient time for the limb to mend.

Just before the match, however, Bambridge presented himself, a shinguard decorating one of his legs. It was he who scored the deciding goal, and the spectators greatly admired his pluck, especially as it was observed that there were many wicked hacks on his shinguard.

ON THE OTHER LEG.

But Bam laughed last; for he was wearing the shinguard as a blind on his sound leg, and the other, which was scarcely well, had managed to weather the match, for none of his opponents had dreamt of hacking it.

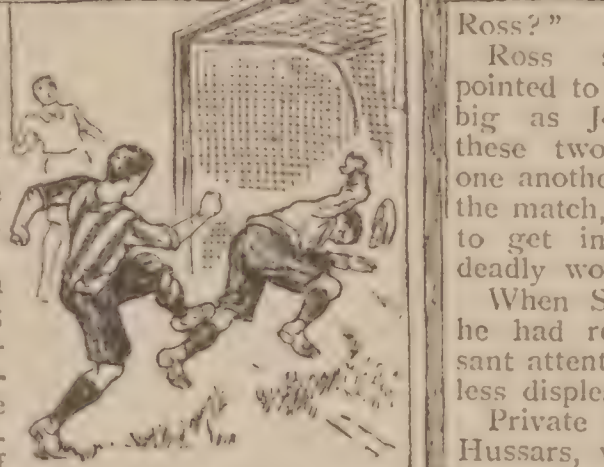
At a junior match at Glasgow recently the centre of the visiting team got the ball not far from the mouth of the goal and made a vigorous kick.

It so happened that he missed the ball altogether, but the spectators were surprised to see the goal-keeper catch something and run out with it.

It was the boot of the visiting centre, and, being a man of readiness, he immediately scored a easy goal with his unshod foot.

Cæsar Jenkins was once very neatly had by Jimmy Ross. Preston North End were playing Small Heath, and Jenkins was told to devote the whole of his attentions to circumventing the swift-footed Ross. Unfortunately he did not know Ross, still more unfortunately it was to

Footer Fun.



Ross himself that he applied for information.

"Where," he asked, "is Jimmy

Ross?"

Ross said nothing, but pointed to Saunders, a giant as big as Jenkins himself, and these two leviathans charged one another for the first half of the match, leaving Jimmy Ross to get in some of his most deadly work.

When Saunders learned why he had received these unpleasant attentions, he was scarcely less displeased than Jenkins.

Private Husband, of the 13th Hussars, was the victim of an accident which must surely be

unique. He had just emerged from a scrum, and perhaps the excitement of it had upset the correctness of his aim.

FROM LAUGHTER TO SYMPATHY.

Anyhow, when he made a shot at the ball, instead of hitting it he kicked the back of his right leg with the toe of his left foot.

The spectators yelled with laughter when he thus brought himself to earth, but their sympathy was none the less sincere when they discovered that he had actually broken his right leg.

As he was carried off to hospital he soothed himself by smoking a cigarette, and the crowd, having now learned the true facts of the case, cheered him lustily.

A soldier figured in another incident, but not this time as a player. It was during a match at Glen Parva. Play was slack, and presently a shower of rain came on, and the home goal-keeper was seen to be shivering between the uprights. A soldier who was provided with an overcoat, stripped off his tunic and handed it to the goal-keeper. The latter donned it, and leant against the post, waiting for the ball to come in his direction.

At last there was a break away and a shot was made at his goal. The goal-keeper endeavoured to reach the ball, but unfortunately he had forgotten the little hooks on the back of the tunic, which were used to keep the belt in position, and one of which had become entangled in the net while he leant against it.

WINGED OPPONENTS.

Ignorant of what was holding him, he did not succeed in freeing himself till it was too late to save the goal.

Hacks are duly made allowance for, but few footballers expect to be disabled by wasp stings.

That, however, was the fate of Anthony Armstrong when he was playing at Swalwell.

Shortly before half-time, the spectators beheld a swarm of the striped insects fluttering about Armstrong's head.

The other players immediately went to the rescue and tried to drive off the pests, but strangely enough these confined their attentions to Armstrong, leaving the others scathless. It was only when some of the spectators joined the players in their endeavours to drive off the wasps, that they were finally vanquished, but not before Armstrong had been very badly stung.

Mr. John Lewis, the referee, had an unpleasant but humorous experience at a football ground in Liverpool. In a rush he became mixed up with the visiting team, and it was shrewdly suspected at the time that this was not wholly by accident, for the visitors had already expressed resentment at some of his previous decisions.

The rush was terminated by the successful scoring of a goal. But now came the referee's turn to laugh. When the goal was kicked he had been lying on his back, and had not seen it pass between the posts, and so he was compelled to disallow it.

Whether he was wholly displeased at thus having to administer the stern laws of the game, history does not relate.

G. WHITCHURCH LOWTHER.

BILLIARD BEHAVIOUR.

WANTED: BETTER MANNERS.

Bad manners are to be observed in every billiard room, and I long for the extermination of their perpetrators.

First of all, there is the player who grumbles from start to finish of a game. Every good shot of yours is a "beastly fluke"; he condemns the table, the balls, the cues, the chalk, the light; and he has a perfect genius for discovering "hard lines"—for himself.

However, he has one redeeming feature—he generally loses, the rule with grumblers at any game—and anyway his sins are snow-white compared with those of the player who "speaks on your stroke."

To speak to a player just as he is about to strike is, of course, a cardinal offence, one which none need hesitate to resent by claiming the shot over again.

There is a variation of this "crime," for which it is not so easy to call the malefactor to account.

This is when your opponent persists in talking loudly to a friend or the marker while you are playing. He does not speak to you, but the effect is almost as distracting as if he did. It is rank bad manners, for, even if he does not take any interest in your play, he might at least pretend to.

Then there is the pest of a player who stands close up to the pocket at which you are aiming, or takes up a position by the pocket into which you are trying to make a losing hazard. In the former case he spoils your line of sight for potting; in the latter case this "intelligent anticipation" of your success is the very thing likely to make you fail. Deal with him under the rules, and ask him to stand clear of the table.

If all billiard players would remember not to talk to or "across" an opponent while he is playing, and to stand away from the table, much irritation would be avoided.

The objectionable player, however, you can avoid once you know him, but the offensive spectator is a more difficult customer to deal with.

There are all sorts of him and each seems worse than the last.

Here again the "talker" is a very prevalent and exasperating type. Some people seem to look upon a billiard room as a suitable place loudly to discuss their private affairs or to engage in heated political, religious, or other arguments.

A spectator who takes no interest in a game is bad enough, but he who takes too much interest is even worse.

The onlooker who presumes adversely to criticise a stranger's play, is usually easily dealt with. But for an unmitigated nuisance commend me to the spectator who means to be complimentary, but nevertheless contrives to fill you with an intense desire to throw him out of the window.

It is said that onlookers see most of the game, but this is scarcely true of billiards.

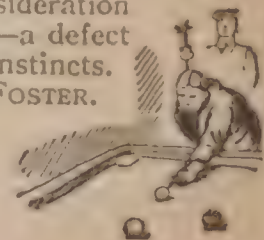
A spectator can rarely accurately judge the difficulties of a shot on the table—at least when he is sitting down. What looks to him a simple cannon may really be a very difficult one.

And so it often happens when you have missed a most difficult shot by a hair's breadth, some sapient ass among the audience will exclaim: "By Jove, sir, you did let him off that time!" and murder fills your soul.

Then there are the spectators who are waiting for a game, and keep on glaring at you, pulling out their watches, trying cues, in every indirect way possible urging you to hurry up and get out of the way.

There are other billiard room nuisances—the player who takes an inordinate time over each shot; the baby who loses his temper; the marker who is more interested in the betting news than his duties—but the types described above are the principal ones. And their main fault is that though I acquit them of intentional wrongdoing they show a lamentable want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others—a defect never found in a man of gentlemanly instincts.

PATRICK FOSTER.



THE NET CUTTER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. H. GARRY.

John Lockhart sighed as he took his seat in the Plymouth music hall. The general appearance of the place was not unlike that of the one in Portsmouth to which he had taken his sweetheart on the preceding evening, and the memory of it, though sweet, was sad.

If only he could have known that the engines were going to require tinkering before the end of the first day of their cruise, he could have wired her, so that she might have come to Plymouth and they could have spent another evening together, but lovers' affairs are not reckoned with in the engine room, and, had he considered things a little more impartially, he would have counted himself lucky to have secured sufficient leave to enable him to attend this particular entertainment.

He was sitting very gloomily staring at the curtain, which had not yet been raised, when a short dark man, of an obviously foreign cast of feature, sat down beside him, in spite of the fact that there were many vacant seats at both sides.

During the first turn the stranger considered it fitting to criticise the performance of the artiste, and Lockhart, affable at all times, was soon in the midst of an animated conversation with his new acquaintance.

The foreigner, who introduced himself as William Schmidt, a subject of the Kaiser, had travelled extensively, and knew most of the ports with which the sailor was acquainted.

Here was an immediate bond of union between them, as well as the pleasant diversion of having such a gentlemanly and intelligent companion to chat to.

When the number board showed the figure which indicated the performing animals turn, Mr. Schmidt suggested that they should retire and have a drink together, and they passed out of the theatre and betook themselves to the saloon bar of a neighbouring tavern, where over a glass of grog they rapidly became still more friendly.

They were commencing their third glass—and Mr. Schmidt insisted on paying for every round—when there entered the bar a man whom Lockhart recognised as having been on his battleship earlier that afternoon.

An Englishman he was, for Lockhart had heard him speaking with the lieutenant as the latter had been showing him over the ship; he had observed him the more closely, for he noted it as an unusual thing for a visitor to be shown over the ship when it had touched at a port for repairs.

To have managed to get permission for such an inspection the visitor must have been a man of influence, a fact that Lockhart recognised and for which he respected him proportionately.

He was surprised, and not a little pleased, when the stranger recognised Mr. Schmidt and crossed the room to where they were sitting.

When Schmidt and the stranger had talked for a moment, Lockhart was introduced, and learned that the late visitor to his ship bore the highly aristocratic name of Fitzherbert.

They emptied their glasses, and Mr. Fitzherbert ordered another round, which, out of courtesy, Lockhart could not very well refuse, and it is scarcely likely that he would have done so even had he thought about the matter at all, for by this time he was verging on a state of mellowness which made him feel kindly disposed towards all men. Before he had emptied his glass, however, the conversation took a turn which sobered him up with surprising quickness.

"The thing that surprises me most in connection with your British Navy," said Mr. Schmidt, "is the fact that so many valuable



secrets are entrusted to men who are drawing beggarly wages. For my own part I could not find it in my heart to blame a man should he look to his own interests sufficiently to sell his information to the highest bidder."

"Exactly what struck me to-day in looking over that ship," remarked Mr. Fitzherbert. "In the captain's cabin I saw a number of iron boxes, each of which, I was informed, contained a torpedo net destroyer. These destroyers would in time of war be fitted on to the ends of torpedoes, and would plough their way through

the stoutest torpedo nets at present known to naval experts. The nature of these net cutters is, however, unknown except to the highest officers in the Navy, and it is not too much to say that any foreign power would be willing to buy one at a sum which would be sufficient to let a man live in affluence for the rest of his days."

Lockhart looked at his companions in surprise.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "that those net cutters are really worth stealing. I thought we were not allowed to touch them because they were too delicate for handling."

Lockhart's new friends looked at him and then at one another, and smiled.

"Worth stealing!" exclaimed Mr. Schmidt. "I should think they were. I myself have a highly placed friend in Germany who would pay you £500, cash down, if you succeeded in carrying off one of these boxes. Now don't you think that is an offer worth jumping at?"

The fingers of Lockhart's right hand closed gently over the palm, and he drew his fist back in preparation for striking.

But the German was fat, soft and elderly, and he forced his arm to his side again.

"You dirty lubber!" he said. "You dare to insinuate that I'd do a thing like that!"

At this remark the affability and gentleness of Mr. Schmidt and his companion entirely disappeared.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the former. "It may be possible for me to compel you to steal one of these net cutters without any such reward as that I have mentioned."

The two men glanced about the bar to make certain that none of the other customers was within earshot. Then they pulled their chairs closer to Lockhart, and Schmidt grinned smugly at him.

"Yes," said Mr. Fitzherbert, "I think the time has come for plain speaking. Mr. Schmidt here, to put matters bluntly, is in the pay of the German Secret Service, an honour which I also may claim, although I am an Englishman. It was to find out about these cutters that I obtained permission to visit your ship to-day, and it was when you were pointed out to me as one of the men who had charge of the things that I determined to have you shadowed immediately on your coming ashore. Don't imagine that our meeting is accidental."

"Now I'll make you a fair offer. Bring one of these boxes to us, and we will pay you £500; refuse, and I shall see to it that you are court martialled and dismissed the service for being in communication with Mr. Schmidt, who is well known to be a German agent. I am unsuspected. If I lay information against you, my word will outweigh yours, and I can produce half a dozen witnesses from this bar who will swear that they saw you talking with Schmidt but who will deny that I also was present."

Lockhart's impetuosity was cooled at this. Afloat he feared no man, but ashore he was a child. From the fact that Fitzherbert had been shown over the ship by the lieutenant, he sur-

mised that he was a man of wealth, and from all he had observed and read he believed that the possession of wealth made the accomplishment of most things possible.

The planning and carrying out of the professional downfall of such a man as himself would be, he felt, a light task if his enemy had money for a weapon.

Should Fitzherbert set to work to ruin him, Lockhart believed that ruin would be inevitable. If he was dismissed the service he would not be able to marry his sweetheart for many years to come, and so he sat silent and over another glass of grog thought hard, his companions offering no interruption in order that his decision might be come to as quickly as possible. Then at length the sailor spoke.

"You are a couple of dirty dogs," he said, "but you have rounded me up, and I see no way out of the scrape but to comply with your demands. If I bring you one of these boxes to-morrow before our ship sails, will you give me £500 in notes, and promise not to damage me?"

To this they readily agreed, and, having once more become affable, they shook hands with him and departed.

On the following afternoon Jack brought to that saloon bar something square wrapped in a pocket handkerchief.

It might have been a bird cage but for the weight and for the fact that the handkerchief was secured to it by a stout rope.

Schmidt and Fitzherbert were waiting for him. The edge of the handkerchief was lifted, and a furtive examination made of the box.

"But it's locked!" cried Fitzherbert. "You have not kept up to your contract."

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Lockhart. "I promised to bring you one of those boxes, and brought it I have. The keys are kept by the skipper, so it was impossible for me to get one. You will have to open it as best you can."

Five minutes afterwards Lockhart left the bar, with more money in his pocket than he had ever seen together before in one sum.

Betaking himself to the nearest Post Office, he purchased a money order, the magnitude of which took the clerk's breath away.

Then he scribbled a note on the back of a telegram form, thrust it, along with the order, into an envelope, and consigned it to the safe keeping of a red pillar box.

As darkness fell and the battleship, with engines repaired, swept majestically out of the harbour, the spirits of John Lockhart returned. Ashore he was out of his element and uneasy; afloat he was master of the situation.

The conspirators took the box to their hotel, where they worked long into the night trying to open it, for they were afraid to employ a locksmith in case of detection.

Though both were clever in a cunning way, neither had any sort of talent when circumstances involved the doing of a bit of work such as this. They hammered the box and they tried to wedge the lid off, but the stout sheet iron seemed to laugh at their eagerness to know what lay concealed within it.

At length, when their fingers were sore with endless filing, they succeeded in cutting the lid asunder; tearing the metal apart with a crowbar, they peered into the box and found it to contain—a pair of scissors.

It was two day's later when Jack's ship arrived at Gibraltar. Immediately it came to anchor, he and his superior officer betook themselves to the Post Office where Lockhart found that a telegram was lying in the poste restante addressed to him.

Tearing it open together, they read: "Treasurer Sailors' Orphanage begs acknowledge with many thanks donation of £408 from John Lockhart."

"Yes," said his superior, as they left the building, "that's all right, but I believe we ought to have kept out more than a couple of pounds, for I believe it will cost us quite fifty shillings to get a new box made for that net cutter. Anyhow I don't mind paying the odd ten out of my own pocket."

We aren't no thin red 'croes, an' we aren't no blackguards too.

But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you.

—KIPLING.

Contrary to the ideas of small boys and nurse-maids prancing alongside the band of a regiment, life in the Army is not all gold lace and glitter. It is often exceedingly drab and monotonous, especially in peace time.

However, from time to time amusing incidents occur to relieve the rather weary round of drill and duty, and here are a few that I have either witnessed or been told by comrades.

HIS DEPTH OF INFAMY.

Scene: The Orderly Room (the regimental "police court").

Colonel (having heard the charge against an offender): How does this man do his duty, sergeant-major?

Sergeant-Major: Very unsatisfactory sort of man, sir; 'e does just what 'e likes, eats what 'e likes, goes out when 'e likes, gets drunk when 'e likes—in fact, sir, 'e goes on just as if 'e was an officer!

"Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline" is a charge which embraces a multitude of military sins, but I don't think it was ever applied to a quainter case than this, which happened in my own regiment.

Private — was a "hard case," though far from a bad soldier when not in drink, which unfortunately was seldom.

One night, being in his usual condition (only rather more so), he got wandering round the officers' quarters, and through the open door of one of them he saw the owner's mess kit laid out on the bed, where that officer's servant had put it from force of habit, though his master was dining out.

"VISITING ROUNDS."

There was no one about, and, the devil entering into Private —, he slipped inside, quickly changed into the officer's clothes, and, having found his sword, buckled it on, and clanked his way to the guard-room.

"Guard, turn out!" roared the sentry, having challenged and been huskily assured that it was "Visiting Rounds," and the guard turned out.

Private — might have successfully carried through his imposture, had not his balance failed him at the critical moment, and let him down in a heap on the ground. The guards' feelings and language when they found to whom they had turned out, may be better imagined than described. As I have said, the charge subsequently preferred against Private — was "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," which it unquestionably was. I forget the sentence, but I know that Private —, who was rather a friend of mine, confidentially told me that "it was worth it."

THE GENERAL'S MUSIC.

"General's Inspection" is not usually a merry time for anybody, except perhaps the general, but humour often crops up in unexpected places.

One general I served under, General Sir W. G. Cameron, was very keen on officers knowing all the bugle calls, and at his inspections he would whistle a call to an officer and ask him what it was. One time he got hold of a youngster who did not know one call from another. Having whistled himself almost purple in the face in the vain endeavour to get a correct answer, he sternly asked the offender what he meant by his ignorance.

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the culprit, "but I have no ear for music."

I thought the general would have had a fit! General Sir Charles Tucker is an officer who is noted throughout the Service for the picturesqueness of his "language."

Indeed, the story goes that during the Boer War General Tucker, happening to come upon a man carrying a camera slung round his shoulder, genially inquired: "Hullo, Burleigh, what the blank blank's that blankety blank thing you've got round your entirely excommunicated neck?"

"Well, general," replied the "special," "I'm



sorry to say it's only a camera; if I had known I was going to meet you I'd have brought a phonograph."

However, that is by the way, and the story I have in mind is this: Some years ago orders were issued that at the conclusion of a field day general officers were to deliver a short lecture on the operations to the troops engaged.

General Tucker hated palavering of any kind, but he had to comply, and so before the next field day he called in his garrison adjutant, a mild, conscientious youth, and told him he was to take down in his notebook any remarks he, the general, made after the operations.

The field day was held, and next morning the general called in the garrison adjutant and said: "Ah, Mr. Snooks, did you take down the remarks I made yesterday?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Ah, and what was the first remark I made?" said the general.

"Your first remark, sir," answered Snooks, carefully consulting his notebook, "was 'As usual six — umpires and not one of them a — bit of use!'"

UTILITY OF RAGGING.

A good deal of nonsense is spouted in the press about "ragging" in regiments. Of course, no one seeks to defend the brutal and caddish conduct that came to light in one or two bad cases. But "ragging" may be perfectly good natured and harmless, while as a corrective for a silly youth who makes himself obnoxious it is probably far better than sending him to Coventry, or dealing with him officially.

But that as it may, "ragging" in the form of practical joking was rife in the Army when I joined it, and I remember an amusing case.

We had a subaltern who thought he could sing, in which view we did not agree with him. Royalty happening to visit our station—Halifax, Nova Scotia—the local Philharmonic Society decided to give an oratorio performance in the distinguished visitor's honour.

THE SUGAR-COATED PILL.

Hearing this, our arch-practical-joker wrote a note to our military Caruso, whom I will call Biggs. The note purported to come from the director of the Philharmonic Society, and asked Biggs to undertake the principal bass part in the oratorio, while the director went on to explain that, of course, in the case of a singer of Mr. Biggs' eminence it would not be necessary for him to attend the preliminary rehearsals—if he would come to the final one that would be quite sufficient.

Biggs, as we knew he would, swallowed the bait, and wrote an acceptance, which was intercepted. For the next week or so the officers' quarters resounded to "O, Come, ye Shepherds, Tell me," as sung by Biggs to his one finger accompaniment.

It was agonising, so much so that at times we felt tempted to reveal the plot.

However, we held out, and at last the night for the final rehearsal arrived, and Biggs, resplendent in evening dress, and having partaken of

about a dozen raw eggs to smooth his voice—it would have taken a steam roller to do that—sallied forth.

Biggs's troubles began early, as in the first place the doorkeeper refused to let him pass.

He got through at last, however, and marched on to the platform, where the rehearsal was in full swing. The music stopped; everybody stared at Biggs, and the conductor, a short-tempered Yankee, came up to him and said: "Say, what do you want here?"

"Haw," said Biggs, smiling at the thought of the sensation when it was known that it was he, the great basso-profundo, "haw—I'm Mr. Biggs."

THE INTRUDER'S RECEPTION.

"Waal," snapped the conductor, "what do you want, Mr. Jiggs, anyway?"

"Haw," said Biggs, "you don't understand. I'm Mr. Biggs—Mr. Biggs from the barracks, you know."

"Don't care if you're Mr. Wiggs from the cabbage patch. What d'ye mean coming up here and interrupting my rehearsal?"

"But you asked me to sing principal bass for you," protested the now unhappy Biggs, for everybody was tittering and giggling.

"I asked you to — see here, Mr. Giggs," said the conductor. "You've been out in the sun. You take my advice, Tiggs, and go right home and sleep it off. Anyway, get off my platform."

Then Biggs remembered that he had the note of invitation with him, and triumphantly produced it.

"Waal, Mr. Figgs," said the conductor, having read it, "it seems to me that someone has been making a fool of you, and from what I see of you, I should say he had a mighty easy job."

WHEN BIGGS FELT LITTLE.

After one or two more compliments Biggs left, and returned to the mess, where, as he entered bursting with fury, we all struck up "O, Come, ye Shepherds, Tell Me." It cured him of musical ambition.

War has its humours as well as its horrors. There is the grim story, lately recalled by Colonel Nugent, of the Irish Guards, at a public dinner, of the Irish sergeant who, hearing a man yelling because he had had a finger shot off, shouted out: "Hould your row, ye cowardly scut, there's a man over there who's lost his head and he hasn't said a word."

Then there is the story of the famous "Parson" Smith who, when the fighting at Rorke's Drift—where he won his Cross—was at its hottest, and the men were relieving the strain on their nerves by strong words, is said thus to have exhorted them: "Don't swear, men, don't swear—aim low, d—n you!"

COURT-MARTIAL HUMOURS.

For the present at all events, I may close these random recollections with two court-martial incidents. The first I myself witnessed. The case, like most court-martial ones, was a foregone conclusion; the day was hot and no one was paying much attention, when a startled exclamation from the escort made us all look up.

The prisoner, taking advantage of the general apathy, had suddenly sprung forward, seized the heavy ruler that lay on the table, and was on the point of dealing the president an almighty whack on the head.

Luckily, however, the president, though a fat man, displayed such amazing activity in immediately diving under the table that he escaped, while the prisoner was, of course, promptly secured by the awakened and outraged escort. The incident may not sound very funny in print, but the consternation on the faces of those present, and above all the fat president's rabbit-like disappearance under the table, were irresistibly comic at the time.

Friends still recall it to him.

The other story is of the prisoner who, when the president put to him the statutory question: "Do you object to be tried by me as president or by any of the members of this court whose names you have heard read over?" replied: "It's the whole bally proceedings I objec's to."

CHINSTRAP.



THE FRAUD OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

They learn the future by the past of man.

—CAMPBELL.

An evidence of the superficial nature of modern education may be seen in the prosperity of the fortune-telling frauds who carry on business in the Bond-Street, Regent-Street and Oxford-Street district.

Their existence is a proof also of the inefficiency of the London police.

Their methods are various. Some of them are crystal-gazers, some palmists, and some, with a keener eye to novelty, pretend to read your future from your finger nails. One characteristic, however, they have in common—the inability to tell you anything you do not already know.

The writer had a chat with one of these estimable gentlemen the other day, and was surprised to learn the extent of his knowledge concerning men and women in society; he could have given points to most of the journalists who purvey this particular kind of news.

He confessed frankly that he always endeavoured to discover the identity of the client when she (for they are mostly women) entered his sanctum, and so turn his information to use.

At the outset of his career he recognised in a visitor the divorced wife of a baronet.

Her life had been notorious, and he had gathered the main facts concerning it from the newspapers. He pretended, however, that she was to him an absolute stranger, and, after gazing at his crystal for upwards of five minutes, he recounted to her all the facts that he knew concerning her past life, adding to them a few vague surmises with regard to the future.

In spite of her notoriety, this woman was still a member of the so-called smart set, and she had many wealthy friends, to whom she described what she was pleased to term the remarkable powers of this occultist.

The result was the rapid growth of a large and profitable clientèle.

Diplomats they are one and all, for tact is an essential part of their outfit. Sometimes a client demands a definite answer to a question; he may ask the name of a winner of a coming horse race for instance.

The reply of the wizard under these circumstances is that such matter is beneath the dignity of his art. Should he commit himself, the result would inevitably expose his inability to forecast the future.

The present writer on one occasion visited a phrenologist near Fleet-Street. With great acumen this gentleman informed the client that he would make a fortune in journalism.

It seemed very clever that the professor should have guessed that his client was a journalist, but a moment's consideration showed that a visitor during the lunch hour was almost certain to be a worker in the Fleet-Street district, and therefore likely to be connected with some newspaper or another.

On this principle the fortune-tellers work consistently. They tell you danger is impending. It may be anything from puncturing your bicycle tyre to losing your job, and some mishap ranging between these two extremes is certain to befall you within the ensuing month.

If you are credulous, you remember the warning of the seer when it does happen. You marvel at his insight, and, what is more to his purpose, commend him to your friends.

You may remember that some time ago the police made a half-hearted raid on some of the Regent-Street palmists.

It was generally supposed at the time that this step was taken as the result of an agitation in a certain ranting halfpenny paper, but I have had it from a police inspector that the true cause was the death of an old lady who had patronised one of these swindlers.

She was told by the seer that she had not long to live, and, she being a neurotic old dame, this idea preyed upon her mind till she fulfilled the prophecy in very truth. T. C. RICHARDS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SPORT AND PHYSICAL DRAWBACKS. People who are too lazy, or soft, to go in for sport of any kind not infrequently cite as their excuse the fact that they suffer from some physical disadvantage. In some cases, of course, such an explanation is perfectly sound, but, unless the deficiency is a very serious one, it is always possible to find some form of sport from which the victim is not debarred.

Battling Nelson, the mayor of an American town, who has in his time held the Transatlantic boxing championship, has a crippled arm. In his youth he received an injury to his left elbow which makes it impossible for him to straighten out that arm to its full extent.

Far from lamenting this physical defect, however, he attributes to it a considerable part of his success. The left arm is useless to him at long range, but when he gets close to his adversary,—and he always prefers fighting at very close quarters—he brings up his left with a crash that would scarcely be possible if his elbow were capable of giving and bending in the usual way; it is as if the joint were stiffened with a bracket of steel.

One of our own best amateur runners is blind of an eye, and the sight of the other is weak. Consequently he wears spectacles even in competitions, for without them he would collide with the other runners and possibly run off the track altogether. The absurdity of the spectacled face above a scanty vest and shorts, invariably arouses the wit of the crowd, but to this the runner is deaf.

In most cases where a man does not go in for sport it is the spirit that is lacking and not the physical fitness.

BREAKING OFF.

"I believe I was perfect once," writes A. M. to me, "but that was before I took to smoking cigarettes. Now I smoke them all day long, getting through between twenty and thirty from the time when I get up till the time I go to bed. What is worse, a friend recently persuaded me to take a pinch of snuff, and since then I have developed the pernicious habit of snuffing as well as smoking. I believe I shall take to drink next, unless I can get more control over myself. Can you help?"

I remember reading once that a gentleman called Benjamin Franklin wrote down on a paper his six worst faults, and each day he took this paper from a drawer and held a self-examination, jotting down an O or an X according to whether he was guilty or innocent concerning this particular fault.

He was one of those paragons who are generally thrust down our throats, and he asserted that his scheme answered admirably, but he lived before the day of the enterprising halfpenny newspaper. I tremble for his peace of mind should one of these journals have got hold of that interesting catalogue of faults, and, in case a similar accident should happen to my correspondent, I refrain from advocating the method.

The first step in breaking off a habit is to become convinced that it is harmful and that you really would be better if you gave it up.

Bald assertions that a thing, in itself pleasurable, is really detrimental to you, will not really convince you. You do not dispute the statements, but the impression they make on your mind is transitory.

The best way to become convinced is to find out some people who have themselves been addicted to the same habit but who have given it up. If they assure you, as they probably will do, that they are better and happier without it, then you will be absolutely convinced that you would be better and happier too.

One little bit of proof is worth a bushel of theory.

The man who once smoked as much as A. M. does, but who has cut down his baccy to reasonable limits, can convince my friend of the advantages of moderation much more effectively

than I can do in cold print.

With absolute conviction you have a definite purpose for the exertion of the will. Your desire to be rid of the habit becomes more than a passing and easily conquered fancy.

The second step is to substitute something else for the habit. You take a cigarette from your case in an idle moment, and you light it without thinking. It is not a bad plan to fill your cigarette case with raisins and sample them when the old habit of drawing out the case occurs.

Keep the cigarettes themselves in a room at the very top of the house, where you will have to make a considerable journey to get them. Another tip: play games which are so active that smoking is out of the question.

Bother it! My own cigarette has just gone out.

SENSATIONAL SPORTS.

I have sometimes thought that it is better for the sportsman to be poor than rich. A good deal of the happiness in this world is thinking how much you will enjoy something which you cannot at present afford, but which you hope to get some day.

A man who has any amount of money can gratify all his sporting tastes without delay, and presently he tires of every amusement and has to start inventing new ones.

I remember reading some little time ago about some wealthy Spaniards who got up a bull-fight at San Sebastian, a tiger taking the place of the usual toreador. The bull picked up the tiger on its horns, and dashed it with such force against the bars of the cage in which the fight was taking place, that they gave way and the tiger was hurled into the arena, the bull also jumping out.

The Spanish police gave the blasé sportsmen yet a fresh sensation, for they entered the arena and fired several volleys at the animals, missing their mark, but killing a few of the spectators.

Not very long ago news reached this country of certain young Italian nobles who were busily engaged hunting cats over the roofs of the houses in Rome. They set out as soon as darkness fell, and shot at every pair of green eyes they saw.

Nobody might have objected much, but unfortunately one of the crazy young men slipped over the edge of the roof and spiked himself on an iron railing beneath. Then the police stepped in and declared the sport illegal.

These things show what the sportsman comes to when money puts all things within his reach, and when he has tired of all the usual pastimes. Let the rest of us therefore rejoice that we still have something to look forward to. Sporting hope is not of the kind that makes the heart sick.

DAILY VARIETY.

You walk on the same side of the street as you go to work each morning. You buy the same paper to read in the train. You always put on the same boot first. Why?

Because by making a thing mechanical you can do it without mental effort. It is the law of common-sense asserting itself, that you should get through your work in the easiest way.

I don't want you to bother about putting on the other boot first for a change, but I do advise that you try another way to the office. Every street holds something worth knowing, and it is by varying your experience that you widen your outlook on life.

Spend your evenings differently sometimes. You spend your leisure in athletics, well and good; but try a book to-night for a novelty. Another man is already a book-worm; let him try the open-air now and then.

Variety makes life worth living.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. FORSYTH PICKFORD.

The eggs which Mrs. Ruck provided for her boarders' breakfast all bore the violet imprint of a date, or, rather part of a date. You could read very distinctly a number which was presumably that of the day on which the egg was laid, but the word in front of the number was invariably so indistinct as to be quite illegible. It might have passed reasonably for either June or December. In Winter time probably it was June, in the Summer probably December. Some of the boarders said her eggs were older than that, but they were spiteful.

Every boarder examined the date on his egg, not that it did any good, because the name of the month was never readable, but it helped to put off the fateful moment when the contents would be revealed.

On this particular morning everybody had spent one minute in examining his egg, and then Hacker, a bold spirit, whipped the top off his and the others followed suit. Mrs. Ruck never said very much till this eventful moment, and then she talked as glibly as a Socialist when a capitalist's motor-car has splashed him with mud.

"I assure you, Mr. Hacker," she said, "that it is quite common for the white and yolk to be all mixed through each other, and for the egg to have one uniform colour. No, Mr. Wintle, that is not the beak. It must be a crumb that came off your knife. Mr. Simpson, you surprise me; the bang you heard did not come from the egg when you opened it. I do not know where it came from."

She always served radishes at breakfast, and when you munched a radish at the same time as you ate an egg, it did not taste so very bad.

The boarders, duly admonished by Mrs. Ruck, and assisted by the radishes, were getting the eggs out of sight, when the door opened and there stepped into the room the new arrival, Mr. Cardwiggles.

All the other paying guests had a good look at him and observed that he was a short man of middle-age, and the possessor of side whiskers. He beamed on the company as he said good-morning, and then he sat down and cracked his egg.

Mrs. Ruck kept her eye on him, and at once began with: "I assure you that it is quite common—"

"Madam," he said, "I make no insinuations in regard to the quality of the egg. All food is welcome when one has a good appetite, and that I always possess after I have gone through my morning exercises and had ten minutes of the electric current. In fact it was due to them that I am a little late this morning."

The other boarders groaned inwardly, for in the course of residence with Mrs. Ruck they had encountered various types of cranks. Simpson stabbed a radish vindictively with his fork, and Hacker, who had a grudge against the cat, dropped the remains of his egg on the head of that animal—a very unkind action, as cats always like to be clean and hate to have evil-smelling things on their fur.

"Yes," continued Mr. Cardwiggles, "you may not think it to look at me, but when I began physical culture I was as weak as a schoolgirl. Now I can raise 14lbs. above my head with one hand. It takes some doing, though, I can tell you!"

"There are some people," said Mrs. Ruck, "who cannot even raise eighteen shillings a week." And Wintle gave full attention to his egg, so as not to catch her eye.

"But I do not confine myself to weight-lifting," continued Mr. Cardwiggles. "I'm what you might call an all-round man. Possibly some of you gentlemen are physical culturists and can understand the joy I take in it."

Hacker was goal-keeper for his firm's team,

CARDWIGGLE: CULTURIST.



Simpson had once thrown a local blacksmith in a wrestling match, and Wintle was certain he could lift a tramcar, though he had never tried; but none of them went in for physical culture.

On learning this fact Mr. Cardwiggles became expansive. He rose from the table, asking Mrs. Ruck not to press him to eat more—a wholly unnecessary request on his part—and then, placing himself on the rug behind her chair, he offered to show the company just how the exercises were done.

He first put his hands above his head, and then slowly—the veins bulging on his forehead, and the muscles doubtless tense beneath his coat sleeve—he lowered his hands till his arms ran horizontally like those of a scare-crow. He repeated this once or twice and then he put his hands above his head again and this time, by way of variety, brought them down in front.

Mrs. Ruck had her back to him and did not know what he was doing, and so, when his hands came in contact with her shoulders, she let out a startled yell, and sprang to her feet in dismay at such familiarity, knocking her chair over in her indignation.

The back of it hit Mr. Cardwiggles somewhere soft—the abdominal muscles are admittedly hard to develop—and he let out a yell too.

In a moment, however, he had scrambled out of the fireplace and stood once more at attention on the hearthrug. Thrusting his hands in front of him, he swung them back, meanwhile informing his audience that the further you swung the more good it did you.

It was very unfortunate that one hand came in contact with a vase which stood on the end of the mantelpiece, and it was more unfortunate that the vase should break on the floor and reveal a sleeve link that Mr. Wintle had lost, twopence that Mr. Simpson was certain he had left in his waistcoat pocket, and a nail scissors with which Hacker had recently provided himself.

Mrs. Ruck, of course, blamed the cat for putting them there, but even in her own opinion the explanation was thin, and henceforward she entertained a distinct animosity to Mr. Cardwiggles's physical exercises, forbidding him there and then ever to practise them outside the privacy of his own bedroom.

Mr. Cardwiggles became a nuisance after this. Restrained from exhibiting the exercises, he insisted upon exhibiting his muscles.

One morning he threw up his biceps and Hacker, while feeling it, twisted it round to the back of his arm, and a folded handkerchief and a piece of tape dropped from the inside of Mr. Cardwiggles's sleeve. He explained that he always kept his handkerchief in his sleeve folded, and then continued to lecture on the advantages of his hobby.

They tolerated him with patience until at last he purchased a bar-bell for weight-lifting. He said it was best to lift it at arm's length and then let it drop, and he certainly practised what he preached.

When the other boarders were courting sweet repose there would come a bump that shook the

whole house as Mr. Cardwiggles's bar-bell crashed to the floor. Sometimes it fell in the fender, and once on the water jug, but it never fell on his toes; the luck of the other boarders was out.

Mr. Cardwiggles used to spend his Saturday afternoons hunting the bookstalls for second-hand copies of books on physical culture, and it was during one of these weekly absences that the other boarders trooped into his room.

Hacker had a bicycle oiler filled with naphtha, and, having cut several holes in the cloth which covered the rubber of Mr. Cardwiggles's chest expander, he injected a few drops. Then he unscrewed the nuts at the ends of the bar-bell and ran out the shot.

On Sunday morning Mr. Cardwiggles came down to breakfast, beaming with delight. He informed his fellow lodgers that his strength was developing so rapidly that when he stretched his developer on the previous evening every strand burst in several places.

When Mr. Cardwiggles returned from the City on Monday evening, he brought with him a new chest expander.

"Look here," said Hacker. "I think, old man, you're rather overdoing it. If you go on at this pace you'll become muscle bound, and possibly paralysed."

On the following evening, before Mr. Cardwiggles's return, Hacker passed a wire over each end of the bar-bell and fixed it to the floor with a screw.

When Mr. Cardwiggles retired to his room that night the other boarders filed along the passage and stationed themselves with their ears against his door.

Mr. Cardwiggles had a go at the bar-bell first, and seized it to hurl it in the air. When he found that he could not even move it, a horrible fear thrilled through his scientifically trained frame. The wires he could not see, because he had turned out the gas.

"Ah, me!" he said. "I should have taken that young man's warning. I have often read of athletes breaking down, but who would have thought that would have been my lot. My grandfather died of paralysis; I'm sure I've got it. Wow, wow!"

But presently an idea came to him, and he struck a match. The vile deception revealed itself, and hastily Mr. Cardwiggles fixed one wire from his electric battery to the bar-bell and the other to the brass rail on the end of the bed. Then he opened the door and appeared astonished to find his three fellow boarders on the mat.

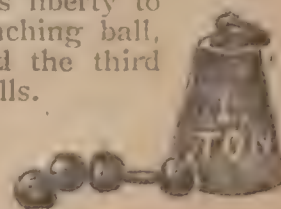
"My friends," said he, "I was just coming to fetch you. I am in great trouble. I fear the worst, for I am quite unable to move the bar-bell. Will you kindly come and see whether it is actually movable or whether it is my muscles that have given way?"

To refuse would be churlish, and they filed into the bedroom. Hacker tugged at the bar-bell, hoping that the wire or the screws would give way, but they held firmly; then, at Mr. Cardwiggles's suggestion, Simpson took Hacker's hand and Wintle took Simpson's. Mr. Cardwiggles persuaded Wintle to rest his other hand on the brass rail of the bed.

Mr. Cardwiggles stepped across to the chest of drawers and turned the handle of the shocking machine.

For five long, long weary minutes he kept his unhappy captives chained to the bar-bell, the bed and one another by means of the electric current.

Their lips were frozen together, but they could still nod, and he made them communicate their assent in that way to a certain proposition before he released them. And then three crest-fallen young men filed out of the room, one having promised as the price of his liberty to present Mr. Cardwiggles with a punching ball, another with a wrist developer, and the third with a pair of silver-plated dumb-bells.





Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.—TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INVESTING MONEY.

The sanest way for a man to invest money is in his own business, for he possesses a special knowledge of that business, and he knows that

his money cannot be filched from him.

There comes, however, a time in the careers of most successful business men when they find an accumulation of spare cash which is not required as additional capital in their own line, and so they look about for a good investment. It is for their benefit that there appear daily in the newspapers the seductive advertisements of lying financiers.

If you want to get rid of your capital quickly, and never to see any return for it, just entrust it to the men who run the London bucket shops and who call themselves share dealers, financial experts or the Such-and-So exchange, because they dare not call themselves stockbrokers.

One of these harpies recently confessed that of all the money which poured into his offices by the morning's post 60 per cent. he could regard as his own, 30 per cent. would be returned to his clients as profits, and 10 per cent. must be regarded as doubtful.

Investors who entrust their cash to such firms almost deserve to lose it.

For the average man to deal in speculative investments is suicidal. His chances of success are just as great as that of the old maid who had never read a racing report in her life and was suddenly asked to pick a Derby winner.

The field of speculation is unquestionably profitable, but only to those men who engineer the markets; they are the big men, and they can manage things so that they can force a rise or a decline in any class of shares. Accordingly they make money every day, and the people whose money they get are the guileless amateur investors.

I should have no hesitation in advising all my friends to avoid all dealings in shares of a speculative character. They are profitable for those who have made finance their life's work, but they are fatal to those who have made their money in some other direction.

If you must have shares, let them be in a local trading company, in a company owning a series of shops in your own town, for example, one whose prosperity you can prove for yourself and about the integrity of whose directors you know something.

Many a company has been floated, and thousands of pounds have been raked in by its founders, when its only asset was a corrugated iron shed and a plant worth at the most a £20 note. Manifestly such a company could not be floated locally, and by investing locally you safeguard yourself against this type of fraud.

Another reason why you should stick to trading investments is that your dividends are almost certain.

Mining companies and others of that type may collapse at any moment, but milling companies, bakery companies, grocery companies and others of a like kind are social necessities, and their revenues may fluctuate, but can never disappear except with the worst of bad management.

Before investing get, if you can, expert and inside information. It is no use applying to any financial experts who advertise, as they have their own axes to grind, and will direct you

not in a way that suits your interests best but in that which plays into their hands.

A business friend may be able to give you valuable information as to the future standing of a company. A concern may be in very low water at the present moment and its shares may be picked up for an old song, but the passing of a certain Act of Parliament, or the decay of a rival company, or a hundred other contingencies may make it all but certain of enjoying great prosperity in the near future. That is precisely the type of investment which you should endeavour to make. Be very sure, however, that the friend whose advice you follow is one you can trust.

In all investments your calculation of profit should be based on dividend and not on a rise in the price of the shares; the one is an investment, the other a gamble.

House property makes an extremely attractive investment. The best houses are those in a working class district. The villa makes a bad investment for, if it happens to be unlet, you lose £30 to £50 in a single year. Working people on the other hand are content with a house of three rooms, and, if such a half-floor remains unlet, your loss will not be a serious one.

The chief danger to be guarded against is buying house property in a town which is already overbuilt. If you find that there are many empty houses about, do not buy property there, for you will share with other landlords the discomfort of a shortage of tenants.

Even if you have to pay more for the property, let it be in some town where there is a scarcity of accommodation.

The system of mortgages is the secret of success in house property investment. If you buy a house outright and manage it well, you will be able to get in about 6 per cent. on the capital you have invested. The law allows you, however, to borrow money on the security of the house up to two-thirds of its value, and more timorous investors are willing to lend you this money at about 3½ per cent.

You thus pocket 2½ per cent. (the difference between 6 and 3½) on every £100 so borrowed. Even if you can afford to purchase a house without any such borrowing, you should not do so, for, rather than buy a £1,000 house outright, you should invest in three houses of the same size, putting in a third of their value with your own money in each case and borrowing the rest.

If you can manage your own property, so much the better; but, if you lack the time and the requisite knowledge, you will be well advised to employ a good house agent. Their terms for factorship vary between 2½ and 5 per cent. on the rents collected, and for this they see to all dealings with the tenants, make examinations before agreeing to repairs, and so forth.

Never on any account have your property managed by a solicitor. He knows nothing of the tricks of tradesmen, and you as his client are swindled at every turn by plumbers, painters and others.

Above all things be careful when you buy property to ascertain whether there is any likelihood of some big outlay in the near future. If a road has to be made and you find yourself let in for half its cost, it may rob you of your profits for a whole year or even longer.

MAKING A BARGAIN.

Be very careful in business transactions to discount what is said by the man who is trying to bring off a deal. He puts forward one side of the matter, but he keeps a lot up his sleeve. If you can learn what he conceals you have an enormous pull.

Supposing he wants you to sell something: he will begin by telling you there is a slump in that commodity, and so forth. Don't believe it. Find out his real motives; the knowledge may enable you to raise the price.

PROFIT-SHARING.

A CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

Unemployment can be, and must be, lessened if anarchy is not to take the place of order in our country.

What is the chief cause of unemployment? A big question, to which no doubt many answers would be returned. But a true one probably is, the foolish misunderstanding and antagonism between Capital and Labour, between employer and employé.

Labour men are apt to make out that the fault is all on the side of Capital. But there are usually two sides to every question, and there is no reason why this one should be an exception to the rule.

I remember a conversation I had with Sir William Smith Crossman, who, starting life as a working man, became Lord Mayor of Cardiff, in the course of which he said that labour problems never would be solved until there was not only a better understanding of the needs, rights, and difficulties of Labour by Capital, but a better understanding of the needs, rights, and difficulties of Capital by Labour.

That is the point. If Capital treats Labour badly, there is no doubt that Labour often treats Capital equally badly. The interests of master and man should surely be identical, whereas we generally have each fighting for his own hand and caring little what harm he does to himself so long as, as he thinks, he "scores off" the other.

Such antagonism is specially rampant in the case of limited companies. Here there is not that personal leadership which breeds friendliness between the workers and the firm; the orders come from an impersonal board of directors, who care nothing for the men except that they are money-earning machines, and for whom the men therefore care nothing.

It is the want of community of interest between Capital and Labour that chiefly causes unemployment, and obviously the remedy is to establish that community of interest.

This, I advance, is to be effectually and easily done by an extension, a compulsory extension, of the principle of profit-sharing between masters and men, first established in this country by the late Sir George Livesey, at the South Metropolitan Gas Works, lately adopted by Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., and blessed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in these words: "In the participation of labour as shareholders in every branch of the business, lies the final and enduring solution of the labour question."

What would the co-operative principle do for Capital? It would greatly reduce the liability to strikes; employers would benefit by the increased interest the employés would take in their work; and in fighting foreign competition employers would have their men at their back instead of, as is often the case at present, against them.

What would profit-sharing do for the employé? It would give him the inestimable boon of security of employment. I do not say that, because a workman becomes a partner in a business, he is never to be dismissed. Every partnership is liable to dissolution if either partner breaks the terms of the contract. But profit-sharing would eliminate dismissals owing to bad times.

At present, bad times mean dismissals, because limited companies have no right to spend shareholders' money in paying men for whom there is not full work, and men will not, as a rule, accept reduced wages, because they have no guarantee that when good times come again the deficit will be made up out of the profits.

The workman shareholder would share loss as well as profit and keep his employment, and one may be quite sure if there were a loss he would take a very active interest in the causes of it and arrive at that understanding of the difficulties of Capital which Sir William Crossman insisted upon as essential.

Profit-sharing is the first step to identity of interest between Capital and Labour, and should be extended to every class of business.

ARTHUR HECHT.

When you are resting on your pillows, Think ye aught of our poor fellows, harkling as they cross the billows?—LADY NAIRN.

Hawl-The-Trawl-O!



The wages of the trawlerman—be he skipper, fisherman, engineer, deck-hand or cook—are high in comparison with those paid for the same standard of labour ashore, but they need be; otherwise it would be impossible to find crews for the boats. The hardships of the life demand a substantial money douceur.

Day and night the fishing goes on, and the trawl is drawn to the surface every four hours. For this purpose all have to turn out, and the process of raising the catch aboard, clearing and storing the fish and lowering the trawl once more into the water, occupies about an hour. After that the hands are free to return to their bunks or to sit about the deck and smoke.

The men, those who are not on watch, seem scarcely to have turned in when "Hawl-the-trawl-O!" is bellowed in the stentorian voice of the skipper, who stands at the bottom of the companion ladder and watches the sleepers till he sees that each of them has heard his command.

It is not pleasant to have your slumbers thus interrupted after you have been sleeping only three hours, but you have to tumble out, and you must have all your wits about you during the next hour, for there are swinging beams to dodge and quick-running hawsers to avoid.

SLEEPING IN THEIR CLOTHES.

It is this constant interruption of sleep, combined with the need of being ready at a moment's notice, that has bred in the men the habit of sleeping in their clothes. When they return to their bunks they merely slip off their sea-boots before stretching themselves beneath the blanket and dropping into unconsciousness at once.

The trip of an independent trawler is generally for five or six days only, but the men employed on those boats which are attached to one or other of the great fleets on the Dogger or Well banks, are often enough five whole weeks away from port, and they sleep in their clothes all that time.

In the Navy a man is not asked to watch for more than four hours at a time, nor is he permitted to be at the wheel for more than an hour on end. It is believed that longer spells at either occupation would impose too severe a tax on his powers of endurance. No such beneficent rules are in force on the trawler, however, and the men there watch for eight hours or hold the wheel for four without regarding it as any special hardship.

WHY THEY KEEP FIT.

If such be the trying nature of the work, how is it that the crew is in such excellent physical condition at the end of a voyage?

The unrivalled freshness of the air has much to do with it, and the total absence of worry. The working man on shore is in more or less constant fear of losing his job.

The trawlerman knows that his job is safe, so long as he behaves himself, for the life is not so attractive as to induce over much competition.

Another cause of the physical superiority of the trawl fisher to the shore labourer, is that he does not drink so much as does the latter. Liquor is not allowed aboard a trawler, and the men have no opportunity of getting it except when a grog and tobacco smack, or "cooper" as it is called, pays the fleet a visit. Then the usual restrictions are withdrawn, but only for a time, and the men's lapse from sobriety is of short duration.

Apart from the hardships and the inevitable monotony of the existence, there are distinct dangers to life and limb. More than half the fatalities connected with the trade occur when fish is being taken from the trawler to the

collecting carrier.

In the case of the vessels which fish for weeks on the Dogger, a fast steamer, known as a carrier, is dispatched each day from Grimsby, or Hull to take fresh stores and coal to the fishermen and bring home their catches.

The fish are packed aboard the trawler in boxes of eighty pounds, and the crew have to convey these boxes to the waiting carrier, as it is, of course, impossible for the larger vessel to come alongside with safety.

The men allotted to this work are three in number, one to row and two to deal with the boxes.

With a heavy sea running there is great danger in the task, and many a good man has gone under in the execution of it. When the boat is lowered over the trawler's side it stands a fair chance of being smashed in.

FACING DANGER.

Once afloat, it is loaded till the waves are washing the edge, and there is more than a sporting risk of swamping. Then, should the boat finally reach the carrier's side in safety, there come fresh dangers in getting the boxes aboard her.

The rower steadies his boat as far as possible with the oars, and his companions wait for a favourable moment to pitch the heavy and slippery box on to the deck of the carrier. If they are incautious, the jerk may upset their boat, or they may themselves miss their footing under the weight of their burden.

When all the boxes have been delivered, the boat returns to the trawler, dipping out of sight in the trough of many a wave as it makes the journey. Again it is loaded and the hazardous trip is repeated till the whole of the day's catch has been transferred.

FRIENDLY CHALLENGES.

Sometimes the sea is so rough that the admiral of the fishing fleet signals to all vessels under his command that no boats are to be sent out that day. This means that the skippers are not to order their men to convey the fish from the trawlers to the carrier, but it does not imply any penalty on the men should they voluntarily take the risk.

And there is sure to be at least one boat's crew willing to do so, just to show the men on the other vessels of what stuff they are made.

When one boat is seen dipping and plunging towards the carrier, the other crews are not slow to prove that they also are daring enough to make the attempt, and so the transshipment goes on over a sea in which a lifeboat could scarcely live.

In a Grimsby or a Hull paper you may read, some days later, the names of the men who lost their lives. It is simply stated that they belonged to the trawler So-and-so, and that they were drowned in the recent storm.

But their old chums remember.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

There is yet another danger which menaces the life of the trawlerman. While his vessel is steaming gently along with her nets spread, there may come out of the fog and the darkness at any moment a big steamer which will split her in two and pass on into the night again.

The captains of foreign steamers have small sympathy with the little craft that ply for fish, and should they be unfortunate enough to collide with one, it sometimes happens that they steam off as fast as possible, so as to avoid the trouble attendant on an official inquiry. The crew of the trawler are left to their fate whether it be to live or perish. This is no fancy picture, for the thing has happened again and again.

That we can still produce men willing to face these dangers speaks well for the survival of our ancient hardihood.

J. M. CHAMBERS.

CYCLING CHAT.

SOME PUNCTURE HINTS.

A veteran of the wheel recently gave me a tip which I adopted, and which, as I have proved its usefulness by experience, I shall pass on.

It is a simple method of strengthening the tyres and thus lessening the chances of puncture. Get a strip of thin but tough leather, about an inch-and-a-half wide and long enough to go right round the inside of the cover. Take an old tube and cut a piece about two inches wide and as long as the tube allows. Clean out the inside of the cover, lay the leather along it, smooth side next the canvas, and on top of it lay your strip of tubing so that it projects about a quarter of an inch on each side of the leather.

By using a strong solution to the edges of the tubing you can now fix the leather in position.

The reason for using the tubing at all is that you would find it extremely difficult to make the leather stick to the canvas with ordinary solution. This simple arrangement will save you many a puncture, for the leather is strong enough to turn or break a thorn.

When you have replaced the tube and cover, but before you replace the valve, pour into the tube a small wine glassful of thin syrup.

If you take a table spoonful of good golden syrup and add boiling water to make a wine glassful, you will have it about the right consistency. It must not, of course, be put into the tyre till the mixture is perfectly cold.

When you have replaced the valve, revolve the wheel gently, so as to spread the syrup all over the inside of the tube.

It will do the rubber no harm whatsoever, it will fill many a tiny puncture, and, in the event of a big one, it will ooze through the cut, thus enabling you at once to locate the puncture without the aid of a pail of water.

With all this care, the day eventually arrives when the tread of the cover is worn out—not much cut, perhaps, but just worn thin. If the canvas is still sound, you can get a new rubber tread fitted on at small cost; several tyre manufacturers are now doing this, and your cycle agent will tell you of a reliable one.

Nothing is more uncomfortable than a cracked handle, and those that are made of cork and tipped with celluloid are very liable to damage.

A scratched or broken handle is generally due to carelessness in leaning the bicycle. The handle being the widest part of the machine, it is quite natural for one to allow the cycle to touch the wall at that point, but it is inadvisable.

The right way to lean your bicycle is to lock the front wheel, so that it points straight forward; and then turn your machine to such an angle that the point of contact with the wall will be the seat.

Be careful not to go to the other extreme and allow the rear mud guard to brush against the wall. With a little care you will be able to rest the saddle without having any contact either at the mudguard or the handle.

After the first novelty of possession wears off, the cyclist is apt to neglect the cleaning of his machine; it is only human that he should do so.

There is one part, however, that should always have a fair amount of attention and must, if the bicycle is to work smoothly—I refer to the chain.

There are several ways of cleaning a chain.

You can either soak it in petrol for an hour or two, or boil it in a solution of washing soda, either of which methods will remove all grease and dirt.

Wipe the chain dry and place it for half-an-hour in a plate of thick lubricating oil, which will penetrate to every joint.

Then remove the chain and wipe it thoroughly dry. If you leave oil adhering to it, it is an invitation to every particle of dust to stick and make an adhesive paste which renders propulsion stiff and the life of the chain short.

WM. BONNER.



The SOLVER

A NEW SERIES OF
DRAMATIC COMPLETE
STORIES.

By H. CLAY-
BUCKINGHAM.

II. THE KENSINGTON MYSTERY.



"There are several interesting points in this report," said Page, handing me a copy of an evening paper. "The weapon used is quite

out of the common, for one thing, and is not the kind of tool used by the average housebreaker; contradictorily the victim belongs to that substantial and unromantic class which generally suffers only from the hands of such public enemies as common burglars.

"Mr. Oliver Nicholls," he continued, "a wealthy wholesale merchant in the City, was found murdered this morning in his house in Kensington. One of the housemaids on entering the library, was horrified to find her master lying on his face on the hearthrug. She rushed for the housekeeper, who, when she heard the news, summoned the butler before entering the room.

"Mr. Nicholls had apparently been dead for several hours. The doctor who was sent for probed the wound which showed on the back of the dead man, and drew out a dagger made from pieces of glass. The blade must have had some sort of handle attached to it originally, but there was no trace of one when the body was found. It is suggested that the murderer had broken off the handle after the blow, and had thrust it into the fire which, if the crime were committed any time before midnight, would have been burning brightly.

"Scotland Yard is making investigations, but so far there has been no arrest."

"Seeing that the case interests you," I said, "I sincerely trust that you will be called in to elucidate the matter."

"If it were a case in the country," he replied, "I should thank you for the wish, but an investigation in London is more a matter of routine work than of observation and logical deduction. In the country you limit the number of possible suspects, but in London there are hundreds capable of committing such an outrage. Moreover the police in a city case have the distinct pull of being acquainted with all the habitual criminals, an advantage which is outside the reach of any private investigator. Nevertheless," he concluded, "I should not refuse to take the case up were I commissioned to do so."

Next morning while I was at breakfast a letter reached me by special messenger from my friend, informing me that he had been asked to find the murderer of Mr. Oliver Nicholls, and that he would be glad to take me with him. By nine o'clock I reached Page's chambers in Shaftesbury Avenue, and half an hour later we were ringing the door bell of the late Mr. Nicholls's house in Kensington.

It was in what is generally called a terrace; that is to say, it stood not apart, but with another house built on to each side of it. The blinds were down, and the house, magnificent as it was, appeared gloomy and mysterious, because we knew what had happened within it.

The door was opened by the butler, who appeared to be much upset by his master's death. His voice trembled as he replied to our question whether Mr. Maxwell Nicholls was at home, and he seemed to feel acutely the tragedy involved in this change of masters.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir, for saying it," he remarked to Page, "but I hope you will find

the villain who did the deed. He must have been a black-hearted ruffian." And the butler drew his hand across the corner of one eye.

The emotional butler formed a strange contrast with Maxwell Nicholls—the only son of the murdered man—who came forward to meet us as we were shown into the breakfast room. His face was impassive, and neither his expression nor his voice showed any trace of sorrow while Page discussed the details of the crime with him.

Page began by sympathising with him concerning his loss, but Mr. Nicholls pulled him up.

"I have engaged you, Mr. Page," he said, "because you were recommended to me as the best—or at least as the most expensive—private detective in London. If you have any questions to ask I will answer them, but there is no need to refer to my feelings in the matter."

"If the papers are correct," said Page, "your father was murdered during the night between Thursday and Friday. Did you or any of your servants observe on the following morning whether the front door was locked or not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Nicholls. "I myself saw the housemaid unlock it when she went out to get a doctor. The murderer can scarcely have made his exit that way. I may tell you also that my father was nervous and had a burglar alarm fixed not only to the area windows but also to the front and the garden doors. It was the butler's duty to turn on the current which charged these wires when he made an examination of the house to see that all was secure for the night. He informs me that he remembers turning on the current on the Thursday evening. The alarm has been tested again and again, and I think it is not possible for anyone to have entered without ringing that large gong which you may have noticed above the mirror in the hall as you came in."

"Was there any particular reason for your father's nervousness?" Page asked. "Was there anything in his past life that could account for it?"

"My father's past life I know little of," Mr. Nicholls replied. "You must remember that he had been living for some thirty years before I was born. If he had made enemies in early life, he never spoke about them to me. My mother died while I was a child, so that I have had no means of learning family gossip."

Whether Page noticed or resented the young man's off-hand manner, I do not know; his face was a mask which effectually concealed his emotions whatever they might be.

"Who was the last man to see your father alive?" he asked.

"Reeves, the butler," Mr. Nicholls replied. "I retired to bed early on the Thursday night, leaving my father reading in the library. At half past ten Reeves took, as was his custom, some milk and biscuits to him, and, after ascertaining that he was not further required, left the room and went to bed. By this time all the other servants were in bed also. My father suffered from sleeplessness, and it was customary for him to sit up late."

"How long has Reeves been in your service?" Page inquired.

"Only five years," the other replied, "but in that time, if appearances go for anything, he has conceived a very deep respect for my late father."

There was just a tinge of sarcasm in this last remark, and I wondered whether it were justified.

At Page's request Mr. Nicholls then accompanied us upon a tour of inspection. We went to the library first of all, and my friend examined with his watchmaker's lens the table, the door, the fireplace, and the hearthrug where the body had been found; but when he rose from his hands and knees he shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid there is nothing here," he said. "Possibly I might have found some useful clue had you called me in earlier. I see that the

room has now been swept."

I have never seen Page examine a house more minutely than he did that one. Door handles, window fastenings, the carpet on the stairs, even the walks of the garden at the back—all were submitted to the most careful scrutiny. In fact his examination of the dining-room occupied such a long time that Mr. Nicholls asked to be excused, telling us that we were free to go where we liked.

When we finally came back to the breakfast-room we found the bereaved son smoking a cigarette and reading a French novel.

"This is a very nice neighbourhood," Page remarked as we left the house together. "If it were not for business reasons I think I should like to stay here. Let us see. Number 11 is, as you can gather from the brass plate, the residence of a doctor. I wonder if there are lodgings to be obtained anywhere in this street? This is promising; it is just as well we turned back. Number 15 is The Cedars. *En Pension*. Let us interview the proprietress."

Together we ascended the steps of Number 15, the house immediately adjoining that where the tragedy had taken place. In the room into which the servant showed us there were cards lying about informing us that the name of the proprietress was Mrs. Steer and that her establishment was extremely select. When she entered the room Page asked whether she had accommodation for another guest.

"I should require the very highest references from you," she informed him, looking us over critically. "My guests are all very select; there is Miss Harding, whose father was a baronet and—"

"You may rest assured as to my respectability," Page replied, "and also as to my solvency. I shall pay you in advance. What I want to know, before we go any farther, is whether you have accommodation."

"I am not quite sure that I am justified in letting you a room," the lady replied. "I had one vacant last week—it's only an attic, but very comfortable—and I let it to a Mrs. Salmon. I am sorry to say that she was not the sort of person I care about; she was—well, somewhat addicted to drink. She left yesterday to see some friends in the country, taking all her luggage with her, and, as she has given me a deposit, I don't think I need keep her room for her if you are willing to take it."

Page cut the old lady short by taking the room there and then for a week. Mrs. Steer explained that it had not been tidied up since her late guest's departure, and suggested that our inspection of it should be postponed till this could be done, but he insisted on seeing the room at once, and she conducted us to it.

As soon as she was safely on her way downstairs, Page shut the door and locked it; then he began a minute examination of the apartment. He picked up something from the floor and put it in his pocket, while I for my part meditated on the audacity of the landlady in charging him £2 a week for board and lodging when the room was so exceedingly small.

"She will be very much astonished when I don't turn up again," he said when we emerged from the front door, "but I have found something that is well worth the two sovereigns."

We made our way to a cab rank at the end of the street, and Page asked me to wait a little way off while he made certain inquiries of the drivers.

"I have always found them nervous of speaking when they are approached by two people," he explained. "Your cabby likes best to give information when there is only one witness present, so that he cannot be tied down to what he says."

At the end of ten minutes Page drove towards me in one of the cabs. I jumped in beside him and we went off. When we finally pulled up it was outside a shabby house towards the Elephant and Castle end of the Waterloo Road. The woman who answered our knock was over intelligent or communicative, but, a Page slipped half a sovereign into her hand, she

THE · VEGETARIAN · FALLACY



No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer.
—DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

For many years there have been advocates of the vegetarian diet, and yet the national consumption of meat has increased. A recent Yellow-book, issued by the Board of Agriculture, points out that our consumption of meat is now more than twice what it was in 1886,

while our consumption of flour is considerably less. This increase of meat eating has gone on side by side with the campaign of the vegetarians. Why have they not been more successful?

Simply because, however excellent their diet may be in theory, the individual finds that it does not suit his particular case.

Twelve acres of land, if used for the grazing of cattle, would be just sufficient to support one man, but twelve acres, planted with peas, beans, and other selected vegetables, would support twenty-three people. The economy of the vegetarian diet is therefore obvious, but it does not logically follow that it is best. A diet of sawdust would be cheaper still, but nobody advocates that. Economy is a consideration secondary to efficiency.

The experience of the ages has taught mankind to eat the diet now placed on our tables, and the researches of the laboratories have proved us right in following the custom of meat eating, which we have adopted through tradition and not by investigation or reasoning.

WHY VEGETABLE DIET INJURES.

It has been conclusively proved that, although beans, peas, nuts and other foods contain an extremely high percentage of valuable and nutritious factors, they have, combined with these, certain irritating principles, which largely destroy their value as food.

To maintain the strength of the body a certain amount of beans would have to be consumed, if that diet were chosen; now if you eat more than one third of the amount necessary to sustain life your stomach rebels against the poisons which are shot into it along with the more valuable portions of the beans.

That is why the average man feels discomfort after a vegetarian meal. In some cases he feels merely ill-nourished, and misses the return of energy which he expects after eating; in other cases he becomes more or less bilious; in some he is actually sick. In practically every case there is more or less physical discomfort, which is nature's method of warning you that what you have eaten is unsuitable.

DIETETIC FREAKS.

Those who can live on vegetables and enjoy them are dietetic exceptions, who are justified in rejoicing that they have found an extremely cheap way of subsistence, but who are not justified in endeavouring to convert others to their views.

Apart altogether from the actually poisonous effects which a vegetable diet has on a susceptible stomach, such a diet is incapable of properly maintaining energy. Vegetables are overloaded with cellulose and starch, and are consequently much harder to assimilate than beef.

It has been proved by analysis that 17 per cent. of vegetable albuminates escape digestion, while only 3 per cent. of flesh albuminates remain unassimilated.

A very brief arithmetical sum will show that the superiority of vegetables in certain respects is thus more than annihilated. What is the use of eating beans and other things which you know to contain a very high percentage of nutritive value, if they pass through you without yielding their nourishment?

To get a sufficient amount of albuminates from a vegetarian diet, you would have to eat

far more starch than you could possibly digest, so the vegetarian is left with the alternative of being either ill-nourished or of having his system clogged with undigested starch. Add to this the existence of the poisons already mentioned, and you must admit that there are sound and sufficient reasons why you should continue to eat meat.

"Animal food," Sir James Crichton-Browne has said, "has contributed largely to the vigour, energy and success of our race, and a moderate meat diet is most suitable in our climate and under existing industrial conditions."

INABILITY TO RESIST DISEASE.

The Hindoos can exist exclusively on rice, but in no country are epidemics so rampant. Their bodies are enfeebled, and their powers of resisting disease diminished to vanishing point. They could not exist at all on such a diet were it not that the warmth of the climate supplies them with the heat that would otherwise have to be obtained from the food consumed.

At the other end of the scale we have the Eskimos, who require 8 to 12 lbs. of fat each day. We ourselves, coming climatically between these two extremes, may wisely steer a middle course, eating flesh and vegetables alike.

The fallacies of the vegetarians are innumerable, and space forbids dealing with each. One of their favourite assertions is that the Japanese soldier is a vegetarian, and they cite his energy and valour as proofs of the efficiency of such a diet.

Their case would certainly be strengthened by this example, but, unfortunately for them, the fact is that the Japanese soldier is not a vegetarian and never has been one. Meat enters into his dietary to a considerable extent, although, as in the case of most of us, vegetables predominate.

WHAT VEGETARIANS MAY BECOME.

Scientists have agreed that vegetarianism is conducive to senile decay, and a learned French doctor has just come forward with the assertion that vegetarians acquire both physically and morally the characteristics of the larger apes. According to him, if vegetarianism were continued for several successive generations we should breed a set of monsters whom the flesh-eating population would be obliged in self-defence and decency to exterminate.

The man who contemplates experimenting with vegetarianism should first of all get to know one or two vegetarians. Would he like to be like them? They are for the most part of two types, one extremely thin, the other soft and flabby, but both deadly white. This appears to be a direct consequence of their feeding.

In most cases they wear ugly clothes, advocate Socialism, and generally have some novel theory as to the shape of the earth, but these things are merely accidental. Vegetarianism, being a fad, is taken up by cranks, and it would be unfair to saddle their crankishness upon the theory itself.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., CH.M.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is at all times happy to consider suitable articles and stories; they must have go and dash about them—the type used in the old-fashioned weeklies is of no use for THE MODERN MAN.

An offer is promptly made for approved contributions, and on acceptance of this by the author, payment is forwarded immediately.

No manuscript can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed; the Editor accepts no responsibility for accidental loss.

Address all manuscripts to The Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



conducted us upstairs to a bedroom where was lying a woman, obviously very ill.

"You are too late!" cried the invalid, as we entered. "I'll never swing for the murder of Oliver Nicholls. Can't you see I'm more than half dead now?"

"Then you admit you killed him?" said Page.

"Of course I did," she replied, "and I'm proud of it. When he was twenty he married me, but I never cared for anything but his wealth. A year later I met a man of my own class that I liked, and I left Nicholls and went off with him. We spent ten years together; and then my new husband died and I found myself with a craving for liquor that I had not the money to satisfy.

"I came back to London, where I found that Oliver Nicholls had married again. I might have claimed to be his wife, but if I had he probably would have divorced me, and I should not have made much by it. I blackmailed him instead.

"For the sake of his son he paid me to hold my tongue, for, of course, his son is illegitimate, though the world does not know it, for, seeing that I still lived, the second marriage was bigamous. Yes, I've had hundreds of pounds from him, and I've drunk it all.

"Then I got ill, and the doctor told me it was consumption and gave me only a month or two to live. I hated Oliver Nicholls, though I was glad to have his money, and I made up my mind that before I went he should go. He loved his second wife—curse her! I smashed the glass that covered a wreath on her grave, and from the pieces I made the dagger I killed him with. I have been longing to tell somebody about it, but I have not dared till now."

She thrust her hand beneath the pillow, and Page sprang forward to catch her arm as she raised something to her lips, but he was not quick enough. She placed in her mouth a pellet of poison, and in a moment she was lying on the bed as lifeless as her victim.

"Tell me how you did it?" I said, as we drove back to Mr. Nicholls's house.

"Like many a case that seems difficult at first," Page replied, "this one turned out to be simple. I examined the burglar alarm and found it in good working order, so I concluded that no one had come into the house that way. The only possible murderers were therefore the son, the butler, one or other of the servants, or someone making an entry by an attic window from one of the other houses.

"At the edge of the stair carpet I discovered a hairpin of a peculiar pattern, and I compared it with those in the servants' bedrooms, but they had nothing like it. No permanent resident in the street would be likely to murder Mr. Nicholls, so I concluded that, if an entrance had been made from the roof, it would probably be from a boarding house. That is why I took a room at Mrs. Steer's so that as opportunity offered I could examine the whole of the house.

"Luckily in the very room I took I found another hairpin of this peculiar copper wire. That was sufficient to connect the late tenant with the tragedy.

"Seeing that she took her belongings with her, I knew that it was probable she had chartered a cab, and the fifth cabman on the rank remembered driving a woman from The Cedars on the Friday morning. I was not a bit surprised to find that her destination was somewhere in London and not in the country, but I was pleasantly surprised to have a confession so readily volunteered."

Page stated his discovery to his client, and the young man, who had been so laconic under his bereavement, appeared to feel the blow when he learned the secret of his birth. At his request the police were not communicated with, and the murderer of Mr. Oliver Nicholls has not been officially discovered.

The case is frequently referred to as one of the unsolved mysteries. Page is willing that it should be thought so.

[Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.—ED.]





COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By OWEN HIBBERT.

Polly and I had fixed our wedding-day (said the station-master), when what should I do but get sacked! I was driving a milk-cart at the time, and thought my job a sure thing; but, all unknown to me, my boss got into money difficulties, the business was seized by his creditors, and I was given a week's wages instead of notice.

I suppose it was because so many young chaps like myself could drive a milk cart, but, be the reason what it may, I failed to get another situation though I tried my hardest. A fortnight passed in hunting for jobs, and the Saturday of the next week had been fixed for our wedding. Polly said it was unlucky to put it off, but I couldn't see how we were to manage it, for I had only £5 in the bank and a few shillings in my pocket.

You'll say I was a fool ever to have thought of marrying on the wages I had been getting, but then you didn't know Polly.

I was just coming home one night after a useless search for work, when I ran into a chap who used to be in our stables. A great hand at betting he was, and he had a remarkable gift for spotting winners.

The upshot of our meeting was that he gave me a tip for the next day's race, and, remembering his accuracy of old, I resolved to put my £5 on that horse. The odds were ten to one, and with £50 I could set up house, though with only £5 and no work I couldn't.

So next morning I paid for my lodgings, took a ticket for the race station, and parted with my last half-crown for admission to the course. So confident was I that the horse would win that I hadn't taken a return ticket home, for that would have meant breaking into the £5. With my winnings I could travel back in style, and I was already thinking how nice it would be to go second-class instead of third.

Well, I placed my bet, and the race came off, but the win didn't. The horse played the fool at the start and was never in the running at all. It's no good telling you how I felt. Only someone who's been the same kind of ass could understand.

I wanted to get away at once, and I was just at the gate when I remembered that I had only twopence in all the world. It was too far to tramp, so I made up my mind to try and steal a ride home, and I could only hope to escape notice in the crush when all the other race-goers left. So I waited till the next and last race was run, and then I went to the station with the rest.

A porter was checking the tickets at the platform gate, but I got past him without trouble. A gentleman in front of me had just shown him a handful of tickets for his party, and the porter was too busy or careless to notice that I wasn't one of the swell's friends.

I got into a first-class carriage, as being less likely to be suspected, and scrambled beneath the seat. It was a tight fit and very uncomfortable.

As the time drew near for starting I began to think I was going to have the compartment to myself. But no such luck. Just as the whistle blew two men jumped in and took their places, one above me, the other on the opposite seat.

From where I was I couldn't see anything of them but their feet and legs. The feet of the one next me were big. His companion's were small and he had on lady-like patent leather boots.

"Now you've got to make up your mind," said the man above me. "If you're not going to agree to my idea, Sir Harry, just say so, and we'll go right on to London instead of getting off at Chipton."

The patent leathers moved uneasily, and Sir Harry, as I had heard him called, cleared his throat.

"It's so deuced dangerous, Bulter, don't you know," he said,

"but I'm almost driven to agree. I hoped to make enough this afternoon to tide me over, but I've only added to my losses. I must have money somehow, or my name's not Harry Wellsford!"

I didn't like listening, but here was something that made me prick up my ears. Sir Harry Wellsford was, I knew from the betting news, the owner of Postcard which was to run in tomorrow's great race, and whose chances were second only to those of the favourite, Ben Nevis.

"And this is the only way you'll get money," replied the man addressed as Bulter. "If Ben Nevis isn't there to run, the Cheltenham stakes are yours."

"Are you certain your scheme will work?"

"It can't fail," said the other. "The Duke of Weymouth is bringing up Ben Nevis this evening. Fortunately it's not a special train, or I couldn't know its times. As it is, a reliable man at the duke's place wired me the hour of starting and I've got all the other information I need from timetables. It's a passenger train to which the favourite's own van is attached, and it's due at the Chipton viaduct at 8.15."

"And that's where you propose to do the business?" asked Wellsford.

"Just there," replied the bolder rogue. "I've fixed on a place close to the bridge, so that the train will run off the rails and go down into the river."

"But wouldn't it be better if we merely derailed the train?"

"Tut, tut!" muttered the other. "If that was all, the horse would only get a shaking up; we must see that he is killed outright. Don't let the fact that there's a few people in the train weigh with you. In a matter like this we can't stop at trifles."

His companion shuddered.

"It's risky work," he said, "and I've a feeling that it won't come off."

"It's bound to," said the other. "In my bag here I've got the neatest pair of points you ever saw. Amongst other things I've been an engineer, and these have been constructed to my own designs. They can be clamped to the rails in a moment. When the engine strikes them, it goes off the track as sure as eggs."

The train had already drawn up at two small stations, but no one had entered the carriage. The next stop would be Chipton, which was about half-way to town. In another five minutes the train came to a standstill and the two men got out. I waited till the door was closed again. Then I crept from beneath the seat, opened the door on the other side, dropped down on the metals and climbed on to the opposite platform.

I watched the brace of rogues go out at the other side of the station. Then I bolted along the platform till I had passed the range of the lamps. Crossing the line and climbing over a fence, I reached the road about fifty yards behind them.

It was now half-past six, and I expected they would go somewhere for dinner, as the train would not be due for more than an hour and a half. In this I was right, for presently they turned into a public house which made some pretence of being a hotel.

For my part I spent one of my two pence at a

toy shop on a box of red flare lights; the other went on a couple of buns, and as I ate them I took up a position across the street, where I could keep an eye on the pub. without being myself too much in evidence.

I think the next hour was about the weariest I ever put in. In a village like Chipton there is nothing doing to relieve the monotony of a wait like that. After what seemed an age, the church clock struck half-past seven, and a moment later the two men came out.

Bulter was obviously in command. He stepped out sharply, his companion trotting along beside him, and I brought up the rear, at a safe distance of course.

We crossed the river by the bridge and then struck to the right towards the railway. There was a cutting here, and I nearly gave the game away by approaching the edge of it too soon, for the men had disappeared and I supposed they had gone down the bank to the line; as a matter of fact they were lying flat on the turf at the top of the cutting, but luckily I saw them in the moonlight and flopped down without being discovered.

A train passed London bound, and then the men rose to their feet and disappeared over the edge of the embankment.

There was no time to be lost, so I hurried along the ridge of the cutting for a bit and then climbed down to the line and walked along it in the direction I knew the train was coming from. When I had walked about a quarter of a mile I sat down on a gradient post to wait for the headlight to make its appearance.

Five minutes passed and then there was a flicker far away along the line. Nearer and nearer it came, and I drew out my box of red lights and prepared to strike one.

"No you don't, you young devil!" cried a voice at my ear, while a couple of muscular arms clapped mine by my sides.

I recognised the voice at once as Bulter's. I discovered afterwards that he had seen me descend the bank after he had got his points fixed to the line. He had crawled up the side of the cutting and stalked me as I walked along; then when I had seated myself on the post he had crept down the bank and taken up his position behind a bush close beside me. There he waited to see whether I had any intention of frustrating his scheme.

When I felt his arms about me I let out a lusty yell, not in fear but to get help and have the train stopped. But apparently no one heard me, for no assistance came.

I struggled like a madman, for in one hand I had the light and in the other the box it must be struck upon. If only I could once get my two hands together the flare would burst out.

The train was within a hundred yards now, and he was gripping my arms to my sides till I thought my ribs would crack.

There was nothing for it but to pitch myself and him on the metals in the hope of loosening his grip. With a lurch I threw myself forward and over we both went.

He grabbed me again in an instant but I had struck the red match. The train rattled past us and drew up.

It was now my turn to grapple, and I clung on to the brute with all my strength. I don't know how it would all have ended, had not the guard come to my assistance. With the help of some of the passengers we secured our men, and the guard went on in front to investigate.

The points which had been screwed to the rails proved the truth of my story, and the directors of the railway company subsequently presented me with £200. I returned £50, and asked instead of that for a porter's job. That is how I am stationmaster here to-day.

Bulter got seven years' penal for the failure of his scheme, but Sir Harry Wellsford was never caught. It was generally supposed that he went to one of the colonies under another name.

Polly and I were married as arranged, and she even forgave me for betting with my last fiver. In return I promised never to bet again, and I haven't.

DANGEROUS CATARRH!

Or, Chronic Cold in the Head.

Thousands of Lives being risked—Liability to Asthma, Consumption, or Deafness.

Just now there is an alarming prevalence of nasal catarrh in the British Isles. This is due largely to the dampness of the climate. Few people, comparatively, understand what this dangerous ailment really is, and yet very few are exempt from its ravages.

How it Begins.

It begins with an ordinary cold in the head. This is neglected generally in the expectation that it will cure itself. Often it becomes what is popularly termed a chronic cold in the head. The delicate membrane of the nasal passages, mouth, and throat become irritated and inflamed, mucus accumulates, and there is the need of more or less frequent spitting, headaches are frequent, and the breath smells badly.

The Shadow of Consumption.

Later, the involuntary swallowing of the poisonous mucus causes disorders in the stomach, kidneys, and other organs. Asthma, bronchitis, and even dreaded consumption follow in the train of this "chronic cold in the head," which is really nasal catarrh.

Another danger of catarrh is the extension to the organs of hearing, and consequent deafness, also ringing noises in the head.

Precious Time being Wasted.

Misled by naively written advertisements, people waste time and money in swallowing blood remedies, tonics, &c., which can never alone effect a cure. The true remedy, recognised by all medical authorities, is direct treatment upon the inflamed membranes. For many years our ablest physicians have worked upon this theory; but, as is conceded by themselves, they are yet far from finding just what is required. But I have found it!

My Straightforward Assertion.

I, Erasmus Colman, declare that I have a perfect and speedy cure for nasal and throat catarrh. It is a home treatment, occupying but a moment or two of one's time daily. The benefit becomes obvious from the first hour. The healing of the diseased condition is gradual, yet speedy and certain. Life again becomes worth the living!

Interrogate Yourself!

If you have any doubt about your ailment, read the following symptoms of Catarrh, arranged in the form of questions:

1. Is your voice husky?
2. Is the breath offensive?
3. Is the nose stopped up?
4. Is your hearing affected?

5. Does the nose discharge?
6. Do you snore when asleep?
7. Do crusts form in the nose?
8. Do you have sneezing spells?
9. Is the sense of smell leaving?
10. Do you suffer from headache?
11. Is there fulness in the throat?
12. Do you expectorate frequently?
13. Do you have to clear the throat?
14. Is there dropping of phlegm into the throat?

15. Do you have Nausea and "gagging" with phlegm.

The foregoing and numerous other questions are those to which the sufferer can usually reply with the word "Yes." When such is the case, then let the afflicted person ascertain regarding my system just as quickly as possible.

May be a Fatal Error.

It is a fearful mistake to neglect catarrh. It is quite certain to develop into something worse. It will not cure itself.

The Veritable Cure.

I have the true cure. It is a system of vaporised medication, complemented by other highly effective therapeutics. There is nothing complex about it. Anybody can easily understand. It is a pleasant form of cure. It is permanent.

Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

I offer a perfectly genuine system of treatment. You cannot obtain it anywhere else, because it is the result of years of study and active experience, coupled with extraordinary ability in this particular line of ailment; therefore, my system is protected, and is obtainable only from me.

Nevertheless, I do not make charges which are only possible for the well-to-do. Any sufferer, regardless of his or her position, can obtain my treatment upon simple and easy terms by confiding in me. I know that I have the complete cure for catarrh and its consequent ills, including asthma, deafness, etc. I want to cure every man, woman, or child that suffers. None need apply to me in vain.

Get it Free!

I invite every reader of "The Modern Man" to write to me and obtain my treatise. I make no charge for the book. It explains all. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope. Please mention title, such as Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc. Address: Erasmus Colman (Room 383), 22, Gray's Inn-road, London.



ERASMUS COLMAN.

From a Photograph.

The Musical Educator.

A Library of Instruction in Music.

FIRST PAYMENT, 1s. 6d.

The aim of *The Musical Educator* is to supply in compact and interesting form a complete and systematic musical education.

The Piano and How to Play it. By Mark Hambourg.

The Art of Organ-Playing. By Edwin H. Le Mare.

The Teaching of Singing. By Mdme. Marchesi.

On Playing the Violin. By John Dunn.

The Art of Conducting. By Dr. F. H. Cowen.

The titles of a few of the other sections are appended. Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert. The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, &c., and include seventy-five portraits in photogravure of famous composers, singers, and instrumentalists, many of these being exceedingly rare. *The Musical Educator* is further enriched by five beautiful frontispieces, reproducing five notable pictures of great musical interest, also eight portraits of modern musicians.

[TWO OPINIONS.]

Sir J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., Gresham Professor of Music, Organist at Westminster Abbey:

"*The Musical Educator* is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

Mr. CHAS. J. WINYARD, 20, Aberdeen Terrace, Tyne Dock:

"I find it of inestimable value in the education of my children, and also of great benefit to myself. The lessons are so graded that anyone should be able to make himself efficient by their study."

FREE INQUIRY FORM.

To the CANTON PUBLISHING Co.,

Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part—

Detailed Prospectus of *The Musical Educator*, and

Particulars of your plan by which the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

NAME _____
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning *The Modern Man*.)

ADDRESS _____



MOUSTACHE

A nice manly moustache **speedily grows at any age** by using "**MOUSTA**," the only **Guaranteed Moustache Forcer**. A great discovery. Acts like magic. Remember, money returned if not entirely successful. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. P.O.

T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, LONDON, N. Send 6d. Postal Order.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN?

3/6

Will purchase a pair of **SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES** which adds just that finishing touch to the personal appearance which proclaims the sportsman, without being loud or vulgar. They are strongly made of the finest cape, and it is absolutely impossible to buy anything quite like them in retail shops. They are our own exclusive design, and have many unique improvements. An ideal glove for the cold weather; guaranteed to last longer and wear better than any other make on the market at the same price. It is because we deal in such large quantities that we can sell them at such a popular figure.

Send **3/6** and have a look at them. Then, if you don't like them, send the gloves back (unworn) and we'll return your money by next post.

State your size, and enclose crossed postal order for the amount named, to

THE SHIRE GLOVE COMPANY, 119, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BACHELOR LEISURE.

A lover, and a lusty bachelor.—CHAUCER.

"How ought a bachelor to spend his leisure time?" was the problem recently propounded to me by a young friend.

I have my own theories on the subject, but I thought it advisable to secure the opinions of others before stating them.

The first person to whom I put the question was a young lady.

"A bachelor," she said, "ought to spend all his leisure time in courting."

I believe this is what most bachelors do, but the courting bachelor must, I think, be excluded from the class under discussion, for he is, one might say, midway between single blessedness and married bliss.

Moreover he is on the high road to losing his leisure time altogether.

Add to this the fact that he is so much engrossed on the fair subject to whom his thoughts are pointed, that he is probably not a reader of this article.

I must limit myself, therefore, to advising the unattached bachelor.

The first thing I should say to him would be: "Prepare for becoming attached."

The case of the young man who wants to marry and cannot afford to do so is a tragic one, and the unattached bachelor should give his attention to a time which will shortly come upon him.

His first consideration must be to make money, and his leisure will best be spent in reading works connected with his own line of business and thus making his position more certain, his usefulness to his employer greater and his prospects better.

Let him not be side-tracked by the allurements of so-called "spare-time" agencies.

These afford him the chance of making a little money—a very little usually—at once. But anybody can do work of that brand. It is, one might say, casual and not skilled labour, and the man who hopes to build up a substantial income in this way, is deceiving himself.

The only sure method of getting rich (you can't do it quick by any method), is to improve yourself in your own trade or profession. Therefore, I say, read it up.

I should be sorry if this advice induced him to devote all his spare time to study. Let him give up a fair proportion of it to athletics.

When a man marries, he has practically to drop athletics. His wife cannot understand football, and has little sympathy with long cycle runs or boxing.

He had therefore better satiate himself with these while he is single. Moreover they will assist in the development of his physique while it is still capable of development.

Besides, there is the actual joy of athletics, and joy is too scarce a commodity to be neglected when we see a chance for getting some of it.

I want my ideal bachelor to have some of the fun of life, and that he gets in athletics in better quantity than anywhere else I know of. I don't want him to be a prig.

If this were not a serious sermon I should advise him to cultivate as many friends as possible, for their presents will be welcome when the time for marriage arrives.

When I was a bachelor, I believe I wasted a large proportion of my time.

I played billiards, which did me no good, though no harm, physically or mentally, and I read novels of which the same thing might be said, except that I had to walk to the lending library to get them.

A game is best when it not only amuses you but also does you some permanent good, and precisely the same thing applies to reading.

Let a bachelor therefore spend his leisure in his own enjoyment and in the equal delight of money making.

Than the latter no hobby is more entertaining or so likely to be of use when he ceases to be one of the unattached. T. B. JOHNSON.

Mysteries

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us.

—THOMAS OTWAY.

Nothing is more interesting than a mystery, but where it remains unsolved our interest becomes tempered with uneasiness.

The eagerness of the police to arrest somebody, even if the evidence against him be of the flimsiest character, has accounted for many mysteries remaining unsolved. While the police occupy themselves trying to collect enough evidence against their innocent prisoner, the real culprit has ample time to make his escape.

The case of Harriet Buswell, who, one Christmas Eve some thirty years ago, was done to death in a house in Great Coram Street, is an example of this. The girl had gone home with a foreigner, believed by a waiter at the Cavour Hotel and by the girl's landlady to be a German. In the morning the man departed, and late in the day it was discovered that the girl's throat was cut.

FOOLISH POLICE MISTAKES.

Though the murderer had been seen by several people and had even left the imprint of a blood-stained thumb upon the girl's forehead, the police were quite unable to run him to earth. Impelled by the jeers of the public and Press, they determined to do something, and arrested a German named Wohlebb, on a yacht which was moored at Ramsgate.

The witnesses came down to identify this man, and Dr. Hessel, a German clergyman who was on his way to Brazil, suggested that he and several other passengers on the yacht and members of the crew should dress exactly like Wohlebb in order to give him every chance of justice.

To the clergyman's surprise, two of the witnesses swore that he himself was the man, and he was arrested and tried. With his friends he had been up to London to see the sights, but had been ill in bed in a German hotel on Christmas Eve, so that his innocence was proved. There the matter ended, and the murderer of Harriet Buswell has never been found.

A precisely parallel case was that of Emily Dimmock, who was murdered in September of last year. Robert Wood was arrested, but acquitted, and her death is a mystery still.

CLUES, BUT NO CAPTURE.

Then in June of 1902 we had the case of Rose Harsent, a servant girl at Providence Farm, Peasenhall. Her father, taking clean linen to her, discovered her body with the throat cut, and half burnt by paraffin. There were many clues as to the murderer's identity—footprints of large shoes, a medicine bottle, and even a letter making an appointment. A local carpenter was arrested and twice tried, but even at the second trial the jury failed to agree, and he was acquitted. "Who killed Rose Harsent?" therefore remains a question unanswered.

Fatal delay while the wrong man is being tried helps to explain why the Slough murder still remains a mystery. Mrs. Reville, the wife of a butcher in Windsor Road, Slough, was left alone in the shop by her assistant at 8.30 on April 11th, 1881. At 8.40 she was found dead, a blood-stained cleaver lying on a table beside her. The assistant was tried and acquitted, and the murderer was never discovered, even though the police found in the shop a letter signed with a fictitious name stating that the crime had been committed because the meat supplied by Mrs. Reville had been unsatisfactory to the writer.

There are some mysteries which are hushed up by the police. For example the case of Archibald Wakley, the artist who was found murdered in his studio on May 24th, 1906. There is good



reason to believe that the police discovered the identity of the murderer very shortly after the crime, but they received a hint from a high quarter that it would be in the best interests of the public that he should not be brought to trial.

Suicides frequently deprive the police of their rightful prey. If you read such cases in the newspapers you must have observed that, when the police are giving evidence at a coroner's inquest concerning the person who has committed suicide, they never blacken his character. Many a murderer has taken his own life just at the moment when the hand of the law was closing upon him, and thus the public never learn that he committed the crime, and hence it passes into the annals of undiscovered mysteries.

UNEXPLAINED OUTRAGES.

The police had no such excuse, however, in the case of the Great Wyrley outrages, which have extended from February 2nd, 1903, almost to the present time.

It will be remembered that Mr. George Edalji was arrested and convicted as being the guilty person, but from the outset the evidence against him was of the most unsatisfactory kind, and, even while he was awaiting trial, another horse was disembowelled. During Mr. Edalji's imprisonment these revolting maimings of horses and cattle continued, and finally his innocence was established and he was granted a full pardon.

He, therefore, was not the man. Who was?

Our railways have been the scene of several unsolved mysteries. On February 11th, 1897, Miss Camp, a London barmaid, left Hounslow for Waterloo by the 7.42 p.m. train. It was a slow train stopping at every station except one, and the longest time between any two stations was seven minutes.

AGAIN AT FAULT.

When the porters at Waterloo went along the train to remove the papers and rubbish left by passengers, they found to their horror the mutilated body of Miss Camp in one of the carriages. There were signs that there had been a desperate struggle, but never a trace has been discovered of the criminal. A blood-stained pestle was found near Wandsworth; it had obviously been thrown from the train, but even with this clue the police were entirely at fault.

The case of Miss Mary Money is still fresh in the public mind. On the night of September 25th, 1905, her body was discovered in the Merstham Tunnel. On failing to find any trace of her murderer, the police advanced the theory of suicide, which was obviously ridiculous, for Miss Money had been gagged with a veil.

A young Frenchwoman, Mlle. Rochaid, with a somewhat similar fate in a tunnel on the way from Euston to Rugby in January, 1906. In this case the theory that the young lady was a victim to claustrophobia was supported by her mother's evidence, and it is supposed that, overcome by the closeness of the carriage, she opened the door in a moment of mental aberration and stepped out.

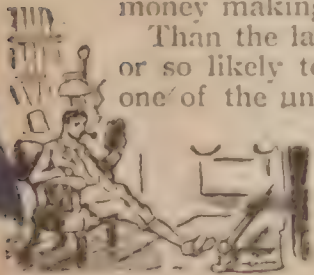
It is known, however, that, before the train started, another Frenchwoman sat in the carriage talking to her, and that Mlle. Rochaid seemed very depressed. This woman left the carriage some time before the train began to move, but, though the police have tried to find out who she was, they have absolutely failed.

UNAVENGED.

Last year saw a gigantic number of so-called unsolved mysteries. Poor little Marie Bailey, whose body was found at the Elephant and Castle in May, was the first victim of a series of child murders, the perpetrators of which have not yet been brought to justice. On October 17th, Esther Prager, a Polish Jewess, was found strangled in her room in Bernard Street, and her slayer has not been caught. The murder of Mr. Luard has never been elucidated, and neither have our guardians run to earth the scoundrel who on October 28th killed Mr. E. N. Smith, Chiswick tradesman, in a London street in broad daylight.

When will our police wake up?

NICHOLAS JAMES.



CUNLIFFE RUSSELL & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1888).

BANKERS & DEALERS

in Government, Municipal, Land Bank and other Bonds or Debentures issued by responsible public bodies on the Continent.

Best-known Experts and largest Dealers in this form of Security in the world.

Hold large Stocks, and can deliver by return of post.

Lend money on approved Continental Securities.

No connection with any other Firm.

Bankers' references in all transactions of importance.

Sole Address since 1890:

10 & 12, PLACE DE LA BOURSE, PARIS.

Regd. Tel. Address—"CUNRUSSELL, PARIS."

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 MODEL).

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

2/6. They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6.

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each.

5/6



14-CARAT
SOLID
GOLD.

Makers: MYNART & Co., Ltd.

(Dept. H), 71, High Holborn, London,

and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

THE
SELF-
FILLING AND
SELF-CLEANING
PERFECTION
FOUNTAIN PEN.

It is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had. Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the

FINE OAK PRESS,

No. 5, 10/6.



Or Complete with
Stretcher,
14/- Carriage Paid.

A PURCHASER OF THIS PRESS,

writing November 23rd, says: "I have by this time given it a good test, and it by far excels my expectations. It is a perfect trousers preserver. Will recommend it to all my friends."

ASK YOUR TAILOR FOR EVERITT'S PATENT PRESS. "M" Booklet Post Free.
AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT. IF IN DOUBT, WRITE US.

THE EVERITT PRESS MFG. Co., 17-19, Lever St., London, E.C.

Oatine

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Denman Street, LONDON, S.E.

TO SMOKERS!

Make your own Cigarette, Sir. It is twice as good.

Cigarette

Paper

A.G.

Best and

Purest.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

SWEEPING REDUCTION.

Agents
Wanted.

A Magnetic Steel Blade Safety Razor

FOR

2/-

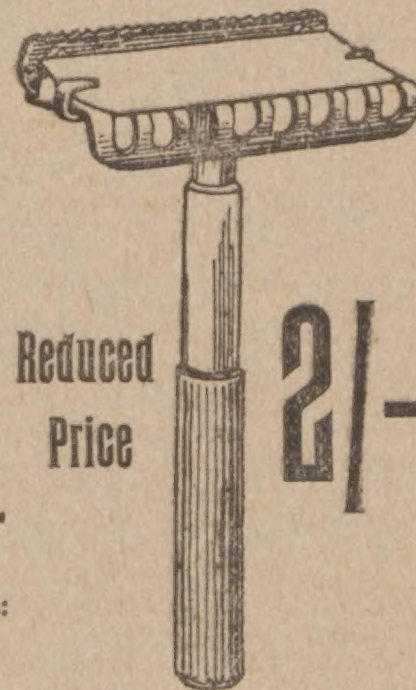
Agents
Wanted.

Shave in safety, why run the risk of cuts and sore faces when with the greatest ease even the novice may enjoy a comfortable shave without the slightest danger? The old method of shaving is obsolete and dangerous, besides an ordinary razor is not a very handy instrument to carry about, neither is it very safe to leave it exposed. With a safety razor such as is now offered to readers of THE MODERN MAN, you can enjoy a shave even in the dark, with no risk, and with the absolute assurance that you are getting a "clean" shave. The "Ideal" Razor has a telescopic handle, the blade is made from the finest magnetic steel. With ordinary usage it will retain its keenness of blade for months, and it is so easily stopped. The whole razor with telescopic handle complete is fitted in a neat little case, which may be carried with ease in the waistcoat pocket. We are now able to offer this, the "Ideal"

razor, at the extremely low price of two shillings, being able to do so owing to the enormous demand and the unlimited facilities we possess of turning them out, but it must be remembered that every single Safety that leaves the works is thoroughly tested before it is issued to the public. In this way we are able to guarantee satisfaction, and have built up our business from the recommendations of those who have experienced the utility and absolute worth of the "Ideal" Safety as supplied by us.

We are making this special offer of a reduced price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for a limited time, after which the former higher price will again be in effect; it is therefore absolutely necessary that you should send your order to-day, as we cannot guarantee how long the present price will be in force. We have just laid aside a certain number for distribution at 2s. in order to make the merits of the "Ideal" more widely known.

FOR A LIMITED TIME
ONLY.



Reduced
Price

2/-

Remember that your
MONEY WILL BE RETURNED if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

CAN WE SAY MORE?

Send your order to-day for 2s. and 3 pence postage, packing, etc., and get your Safety before the price is increased. Address:

THE SAFETY RAZOR Co. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, Green Lanes, London, N.

Special Note to Youths and those beginning to Shave.—It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the best way to stimulate the growth of young hair is to be frequently shaved. With the "Ideal" Safety you run no risks of cutting or of soreness of skin, and you will be surprised how quickly a strong growth of hair will appear on the face if constantly shaved with our Safety.

PACKED COMPLETE
IN CASE.



The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H.
SAUNDERS.

LONDON OVERCOATS.

Heavy overcoats are not often seen nowadays in the City. Many a well-to-do Londoner now makes a light-weight overcoat serve his purpose summer and winter alike.

I suppose the improvement in Tube transit has something to do with it. In the old days if you wanted to get from one part of London to another the chances were that you would find yourself obliged to travel on the top of a 'bus, where it was essential that you should be protected from the elements; now you ride whither you will in an evil-smelling but warm electric railway.

"A few years ago," said my tailor to me the other day, "I made five times as many heavy overcoats as I do now. The heavy overcoat is now relegated to the railway carriage, the motor-car and the box seat."

This applies only to London, of course. In provincial towns where a man may have to face the elements at any time, a stout winter overcoat is a necessity, and I don't think that a man ever looks better than when he is wearing a warm, well-cut garment of this description on a cold day.

THE TROUSER CREASE.

Trousers are easily folded right, but are generally folded wrong. The safest plan is to preserve the creases which the tailor has put in these garments, but if by neglect these creases should be lost to view their proper positions may be found again without much trouble.

If you lay the leg seams together you will find that the creases will not come in the right places. The best plan is to fold the trousers at the waist so that the two rear suspender buttons are back to back. Put the two foremost suspender buttons back to back also, and you will find that your trousers are in the right position for putting in the press.

For storing trousers, it is highly advisable that you should have a wardrobe drawer long enough to take them in without bending cross-wise. If, however, you should have no such accommodation, bend the garment across the seat and not, as so many do, at the knees. To bend trousers at the knees means that you get a transverse crease which is very unsightly.

FISHING TOGS.

The stage sportsman, with his chessboard coat, has no place on the river bank. The denizens of the waters are wily, and it is the genuine angler's object to make his person harmonise as nearly as possible with the ground about him. Something quiet in colour is therefore essential.

The next thing is to have a coat that allows free movement. An old shooting jacket is as good as anything I know, for it has that necessary fulness in the back that allows for the movement of the shoulders in fly casting as well as in raising a gun. Moreover, the shooting jacket has as many and as large pockets as the most fastidious angler could demand.

Remember that fishing togs are to work in, and must not be over tight.

A flannel collar will, of course, recommend itself, as the drops of water sparkling from the line would quickly sully the brightness of the linen variety.

Breeches, stockings and substantial boots complete the outfit.

CORSET WEARING.

I am induced to believe that I number amongst my readers a considerable number of dandies. I do not say fops, for, as one of my correspondents points out, there is a distinction. The fop is a worthless sort of person, but the dandy is of the type that has supplied our Army and Navy with officers for generations—efficient officers, too, I hope, for my own self-esteem.

I am branding some of my readers as dandies because I have received dozens of letters in reference to my recent notes on corset-wearing. I already knew that many men in the services wore corsets, but I did not suppose that this aid to the exhibition of good tailoring was so prevalent amongst civilians.

I am asked by many correspondents to change my views and to become an advocate of corsets for men, but I must beg them to allow me to entertain my personal prejudices in the matter. All I intended in my previous notes was to knock on the head any charge of foppiness that might be levelled against corset-wearers, and that is all I do now.

If any man wants to wear them, let him. He knows best whether they are comfortable, and it is outside the province of the non-wearer to criticise him.

Each to his own taste, as the Parisian says.

WHITE BREECHES.

To clean white buckskin breeches they should first be thoroughly sponged and then have a good breeches paste rubbed into them, care being taken to make them no wetter than is absolutely necessary.

Instead of breeches paste you can use a mixture of pipeclay and water with a pinch of salt added to bind the particles, and just a suggestion of laundry blue to improve the colour.

When the breeches are thoroughly dry, they must be worked in the hands till they are pliable, and then the paste must be gently beaten out.

Canton breeches may be washed after the ordinary laundry methods. Special instructions should be given that they are not to be passed through a wringing machine or mangle, as the buttons at the knees are almost certain to be smashed.

I would caution my readers not to use chloride of lime for removing any saddle stains. This chemical is, I know, frequently recommended for such a purpose, but it has a provoking tendency to make the breeches rotten in spots.

BROWN V. BLACK.

Why is it that brown boots are as a rule more comfortable and flexible than black ones? The other day I asked my bootmaker if he could offer any explanation of the mystery. To him it was all very simple, and was entirely due in his opinion to the polishes which are used for black boots.

"Most brown polishes," he said, "have as a basis a mixture of wax and turpentine, and few of them contain any harmful ingredients. Black polishes on the other hand very frequently contain a large amount of free sulphuric acid."

"The acid is employed to dissolve the mineral elements of the ivory black which is used as a pigment, and makes a very soft, nice-looking polish; though the acid assists somewhat in the production of a good shine, it hardens the leather and reduces its flexibility. I have seen so much sulphuric acid in black polishes," he concluded, "that a piece of paper has been charred when a smear of such polish has been dried upon it."

May I therefore advise my readers to exercise care in the selection of their black polishes. If they want one where they can be certain there is no sulphuric acid, and do not mind the trouble of making it, here is a reliable recipe: Mix four ounces of ivory black, three ounces of coarse brown sugar, one table-spoonful of pure oil, and one pint of beer. The result will be a most serviceable liquid polish.

A waxy black polish can be made by melting wax and turpentine together and adding ivory black or lamp black.

CLOTHES AND THE COMPLEXION.

Those of my readers who have fair hair can wear almost any colour, and yet appear to full advantage. They would be well advised, however, to avoid any shade which seems to caricature the colour of their hair; for instance, a man whose hair is a dirty shade of khaki would seem too much all of a piece if he had a suit of exactly the same colour.

The man with red hair will look best in brown, navy blue or black, and he should select a dark tie. Let him avoid tan gloves and brown boots, as they would suggest to the critical observer that he had selected them because they match his hair.

The man of sallow complexion must avoid green, for that colour at once suggests to the eye that his complexion has also a greenish tint. He had better avoid red ties also, as they emphasise pallor by contrast.

UNDERWEAR.

In buying underwear my readers should disregard the advice of the hosier and rely upon experience—if their own is limited, I offer them mine.

You will find in most shops two weights of natural wool underclothing at exactly the same price. Three-and-sixpence will buy either a thin vest or a thick one.

You ask the hosier which is the better value and he tells you that the thin one is unquestionably superior, for there is exactly the same amount of wool in each vest, the additional weight of the heavier being made up with a mixture of cotton.

Plausibly he assures you that there is precisely the same amount of warmth in each vest, but that with the lighter you reap the advantage of having less weight to carry about with you.

On the face of it, the hosier's argument seems sound, but it is devised with a cunning eye to his own ends. He wants the customer to buy the vest of paper thinness because it can only be worn once or twice before it tears at the elbows and other places.

The argument as to carrying the additional weight is nonsense, for the cotton which is mixed with the wool in the thicker vest is not heavier than a fairly substantial packet of cigarettes, but it strengthens the fabric and makes it wear at least five times as long as the thinner one.

A vest of pure wool shrinks when washed once or twice, and the fingers of the laundress generally manage to find their way through it. With the mixture of cotton, however, the fabric is able not only to withstand the unkind attentions of the laundress but also the effects of the scalding water and crude soap which she uses.

DRESS AND DIGNITY.

We shall always have scoffers in the matter of dress, men who affect to believe that it matters not at all what a man may clothe himself in.

The obvious reply to these critics is this: When we want to be particularly dignified for any purpose, we rely chiefly upon our clothes for the accomplishment of our ends. The Judge wears his robes and his wig, counsel must have the gowns, so must the priest and the clergyman.

A correspondent writes me from Sydney that he has just seen a remarkable instance of the manner in which even the savage relies upon dress, when dignity is the chief object in view.

He has just returned from the South Sea where he witnessed a native marriage. The bride was attired in a man's fawn overcoat, and as she was a short woman, the garment trailed down behind her. Above this she had donned a red vest with bright metal buttons, and round her neck she had fixed a pair of trousers one end hanging down behind either shoulder; on her head was a battered fireman's helmet.

Our instinct to add to our dignity by careful dressing is a perfectly natural one, though, I hope, it has been developed some degree beyond that of the South Sea princess.





Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims. To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.



FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO." No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds. <i>Philip M. Cook</i>	MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO." High Croft, Winchester. I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time. <i>Ed. Keate</i> Major General	LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO." 2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W. When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho." <i>John Sykes</i>	COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO." Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dawson Street, Dublin. Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have. <i>E. Perry</i> Colonel
COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO." Zetland House, Maidenhead. I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is. <i>A. Bacot-Chester</i>	THE NOVELIST "RITA." I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer. <i>Rita</i>	COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO." Trobridge, Crediton. I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair. <i>T. Wolfe Murray</i> Commander R.N.	LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO." 18, Ashburn Place, Kensington, W. Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick. <i>Lady Collins</i>

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of which, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,
TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Geo. R. Sims
M. M. Hair Restorer Co.

Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDER CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh.

It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.

BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor, after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the dis-

covery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintance-ship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all quickly got rid of their Catarrh.

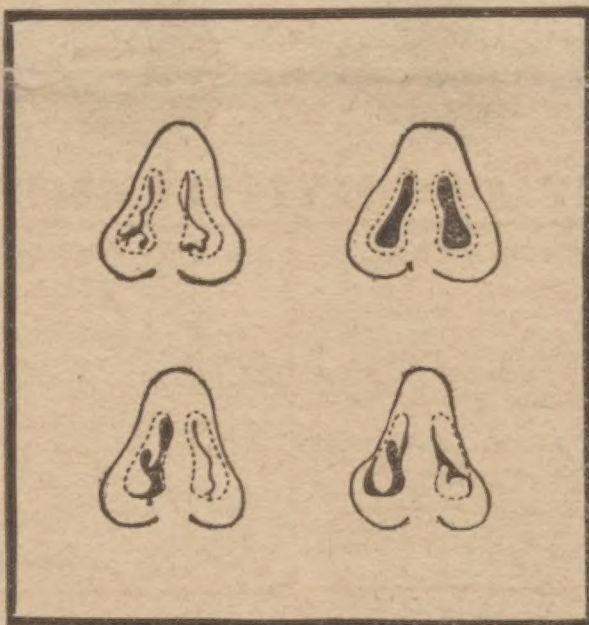
A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to act in any

professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of
the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.